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The SECOND QUARTERLY PART for 1851 is now ready, price 3s., for convenience of Book-club circulation. It contains as much reading-matter as two of the Quarterly Reviews.

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To Readers and Correspondents.

A SUBSCRIBER has remitted us 4s. 8d. in postage stamps without giving his name or address. The post-mark is Manchester. We shall be obliged if the remitter will identify the favour.

"POETA."—As to The Literary Gazette.—No. As to republishing his Poems.—No. Call them what they are "Poems by A. B."

ERRATUM.—In the first paragraph of Talk of the Studios, in our last number, line 2, for "Woolmer" read "Woolner."

Line seventh, for "eye" read "age."

To Subscribers.

The Subscriptions for the half year, commencing on January 1, are now due, and Subscribers who have had THE CRITIC from that date will oblige by transmitting the amount in postage stamps.

THE CRITIC:
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

TO READERS.

In pursuance of our promise to give occasional double numbers, we present one to-day. The like addition to the size of THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, will be made as often as increased demands upon our space may render necessary.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THERE is such a thing as an *embarras des richesses*. We are in that pleasantly painful position. Having more than five thousand subscribers, with the list still swelling at the rate of more than one hundred per week, we are in some perplexity as to the management of the list. It would require an establishment to apply for and send receipts for every quarter's subscriptions, besides the abrogation, in clerks, paper, and postage-stamps, of all the profit. We shall therefore be greatly obliged to our subscribers if, taking this difficulty into account, they would observe the following directions:—

1. To pay their subscriptions half-yearly, at Midsummer and at Christmas. (N.B.—They may be transmitted in postage-stamps, if more convenient.)

2. Where the subscription commenced in the middle of a half-year, to pay it up to the close of the following half-year, so that regularity in periods of payment may be afterwards observed.

3. Not to expect receipts for less than half-a-year's subscription.

We may add, here, that any persons recommended by a subscriber, may subscribe on the same terms.

THE PERIODICAL AND NEWSPAPER PRESS.

SKETCHES FROM THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

NO. III.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

WHEN old JEREMY BENTHAM had reached his sixty-seventh year, he began to look about him with considerable complacency; at home and abroad he had collected a decent circle of disciples which included in it such men as DUMONT and JAMES MILL; Radicalism was making decided way among a certain class of intellects; if "Freedom's battle" was not very prosperous on the continent, it was fiercely going-ahead on the other side of the Atlantic, both north and south of the Isthmus of Panama; and on the whole the old gentleman found himself in tolerable spirits. In some moment of great good humour, accordingly, during the course of the year 1823, he determined to put his hand pretty deep into his breeches pocket, and to found *The Westminster Review*. What! was the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" to suffer for want of a Quarterly organ? Never! The Messrs. LONGMAN were applied-to, and consented to become the publishers. A prospectus, based on the soundest principles of Benthamite Radicalism, was scattered broad-cast through the land. The aged JEREMY's heart bounded with delight at the prospect of Radicalism assuming a literary and intellectual status—once in the three months at least holding its head as high as any other branch of politics—when lo! the Messrs. LONGMAN be thought them that the new publication might damage *The Edinburgh*, of which they were the half-proprietors, and they withdrew. No matter! The greatest happiness of the greatest number was not to be made dependant on the caprice of a publishing-house, however big. Another and obscurer firm was negotiated with, and in the January of 1824, Radicalism fondly smiled over the birth of *The Westminster Review*.

The Westminster began with two Editors, a Mr. SOUTHERN for the literary, and Dr. BOWRING for the political department, but presently Dr. BOWRING became, for a time, the sole editor. Everybody knows about the doctor and his combination of commercial and literary knowledge; how in literature he has translated from such rarely-known languages, as the Magyar, Servian, Russian, Lettish, Finnish, &c., &c., and how in politics, by dint of tact worthy of a gentleman from the north bank of the Tweed, he has managed to gain popular favour; and government employment, and, after a long career of Radicalism, is now snugly settled as one of our Chief Consuls in China. Intimately associated with *The Westminster* from its commencement were other two men, both of some note, the late JAMES MILL and the living Colonel THOMPSON; and the Colonel, indeed, was for a considerable period joint-editor with Dr. BOWRING. The history of JAMES MILL (father to the well-known writer of our own day), is rather a curious one. He was the son of a Scotch farmer, attracted by his talents the notice of the landlord, a certain Sir JOHN STUART, who bestowed on him a liberal education, and sent him to Edinburgh University to study for the Church. When the time came for him to enter the Scottish establishment, he

drew back, and repaired to London at the beginning of the present century to try the chances of literature. He started a literary journal, which went down, and, having a wife and family dependent on him, saw nothing left for himself but emigration. Meanwhile, luckily, he had secured the favour of BENTHAM, less by his disposition (which does not appear to have been very amiable,) than by an ardent adhesion to the doctrines and formulas of that queer old Utilitarian prophet. With a handsome generosity, BENTHAM invited MILL and his family to become inmates of his house, and in this way he had the means and leisure to compile his well-known *History of British India*, the publication of which (although it was by no means a panegyric on the British rule in India) was followed by his appointment to a lucrative place in the East India House, where his son now holds a similar post. From this time forward his literary activity was solid and steady, and his numerous philosophical, political, and economical writings are still well-remembered though rarely read. Curiously enough, the sage and the disciple, BENTHAM and MILL, although so eager for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, could not promote their own happiness under the same roof, and their domiciliary union came to an abrupt conclusion although without an "explosion." Probably there were faults on both sides; BENTHAM may have exacted too much and MILL have given too little; but probably likewise there was truth in the judgment passed by BENTHAM (who had a clear eye for character) upon MILL, namely, that his zeal for liberty sprang rather from an intense hatred of those above himself than from a rational love of general improvement. MILL's contributions, to *The Westminster*, were regular and marked. One department, that of reviewing reviews, was entirely in his hands, and he conducted it with such acidity as to provoke MACAULAY into a fierce attack upon himself in *The Edinburgh*,—an attack which has been omitted from the collected edition of MACAULAY's Essays. MILL's article in *The Westminster* on the Ballot used to be quoted (when people cared about such matters) as a model of political argumentation. The other chief contributor to *The Westminster*, Colonel THOMPSON, is still better known to the public as a Radical Member of Parliament, and one of the most active orators of the late Anti-Corn Law League. The Colonel's contributions to *The Westminster* were of every kind, and the best of them he has collected in six volumes of what are rather affectingly called *Exercises*. This is another strange person. A man of varied accomplishment, of sound scholarship, and in two very different branches, namely, political economy and the theory of music, what may be called profoundly versed, wealthy, energetic, sensible, he is understood to entertain some singular notion that Providence has a pique at him! As he has served, and is a scholar and a gentleman, the Colonel's Radicalism is somewhat different from that of the Radical leaders from the North of England, and he and they do not pull very well together. In the House, he is generally listened to with attention, for in spite of an unfortunate voice and a too continuously emphatic manner, he speaks as he writes with great terseness, fluency, and exhaustive logic.

Ten years had passed away since its foundation, and *The Westminster Review* still survived, but the Thames was not on fire, and no great success had been achieved. Its articles were generally able, but never brilliant, and seldom lively; and people were wearied of its snarling radicalism, its utilitarian philosophy and morals, and its long-winded discussions on political economy. Radicalism needed a more genial organ. It was to supply this want that in the beginning of 1835 the wealthy and aspiring Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH started *The London Review*, and after a couple of numbers incorporated *The Westminster* with it, so that it became, and through seven volumes remained, *The London and Westminster Review*. Its conduct was intrusted to a son of JAMES MILL, Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, since then the author of *The Elements of Logic* and *The Elements of Political Economy*; the general literary management was given to Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON; and in their hands it became the best review of the time. You would not single out Mr. JOHN STUART MILL as a particularly genial person, but his field of thought is a glowing and balmy Paradise compared to the polar ice in which his father disported. In the pages of *The London and Westminster*, the younger MILL introduced to notice and warmly praised

the prose of CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*, and the verse of MONCKTON MILNES; from both of which his father would have turned away with horror and contempt. His articles may be known by the signature "A." and display a range of thought and sympathy for which MR. MILL does not get sufficient credit. MR. JOHN ROBERTSON was a young Scotchman who had worked his way up from a humble position in Aberdeen, first, to be a preacher and then to some political eminence in connection with the London press. Few men wield a more vigorous pen than MR. ROBERTSON, and among his many vivid contributions to *The London and Westminster*, one deserves to be had in special remembrance, an eloquent essay on OLIVER CROMWELL, the first distinct and emphatic statement of recent years which testified to OLIVER'S unadulterated greatness. Then, besides MR. MILL, there were articles on politics by SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, MR. ROEBUCK, and MR. GROTE, and on social matters by EDWIN CHADWICK, MR. HICKSON of the Handloom Commission, and MRS. AUSTIN. One of the "new features" of the *Review* was a series of excellent articles on Modern French Literature by a Parisian critic of distinction, M. DANIEL NISARD, perhaps the shrewdest and most sensible of modern French critics. There, too, BULWER and FOX occasionally wrote, and Professor NICOLL rolled out his Transcendental Astronomy, and gleamed the sword-like style of NAPIER, the Peninsular Historian. LEIGH HUNT'S subscription "hand" here and there beckoned the reader to a charming article,—such as that delightful one on *The Arabian Nights*. HARRIET MARTINEAU discoursed, in her lecturing way, on American Slavery and (congenial topic) on the heroines of the Abolition-movement. CARLYLE sent some of the best and oddest of his later articles, those on MIRABEAU and WALTER SCOTT. There the refined, the thoughtful, and the musical JOHN STERLING wrote what still remains the best criticism on CARLYLE, and two characteristic papers on MONTAIGNE and SIMONIDES. There, as MR. LUCIAN PAUL has already noted, MR. MONCKTON MILNES first told the English that a high philosopher named EMERSON was "located" among the woods and meadows of Massachusetts. In short, seldom has there been such a combination of talent as that which distinguished *The London and Westminster Review*, under the editorship of MR. JOHN STUART MILL and MR. JOHN ROBERTSON.

But, alas! "combinations of talent" are liable to sudden dispersion, and five years after the first starting of *The London Review*,—*The London and Westminster* became (1840) once more *The Westminster*, and passed into the hands of MR. HICKSON. MR. HICKSON had been a member of the Handloom Commission, and was originally, it is said, a leather merchant, on Snow-hill, of which, as the phrase is, he had made a good thing. Whether justly or not, we cannot say, but he is reported to have introduced into the management of *The Westminster* such a system of economic reform, that the very name of *The Westminster* became a word of terror in literary ears. For a time, some of the old contributors to *The London and Westminster* hung about the new concern, such as ROEBUCK, CHARLES BULLER, JOHN ROBERTSON, and MONCKTON MILNES; but, by degrees, they dropped off, and a new generation arose, who, in bitterness of heart, confessed that they did know JOSEPH! Chief among these were MESSRS. PHILIP HARWOOD, G. H. LEWES, W. J. LINTON, JOHN HILL BURTON, and WILLIAM RATHBONE GREIG. PHILIP HARWOOD had been a Unitarian minister in the country; was afterwards assistant to MR. W. J. FOX at Finsbury chapel, in which capacity he delivered a series of remarkable lectures, in explanation of the theories of STRAUSS. In *The Westminster Review* he wrote, among other papers, a series of articles on public men, which excited some attention at the time, and foremost among which was a most truculent and slashing attack upon SIR JAMES GRAHAM. Curious! the assistant to MR. FOX, and the assailant of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, is now one of the principal editors of the *Puseyite* and *Peelite Morning Chronicle*! The omnipresent MR. LEWES, who may justly boast of having written in every review in Britain, save *The Quarterly*, will be treated of on some future occasion. MR. JOHN HILL BURTON is a speculator and political economist of the high and dry school, as befits the biographer of DAVID HUME. MR. WILLIAM RATHBONE GREIG whose hand has been active in *The Westminster*, is brother to MR. R. H. GREIG, formerly chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law League,

and was the reviewer in *The Edinburgh* of Mrs. GASKELL'S *Mary Barton*, and the writer, in the same publication, of a recent article which dealt with MR. KINGSLEY'S novels, and MR. THORNTON HUNT'S socialistic speculations in *The Leader*.

On the whole, *The Westminster*, under MR. HICKSON'S management, cannot be said to have been successful. For a single number last year it went into the hands of a MR. SLACK, of Brixton, but speedily reverted to the old ones. For one thing, it has been exposed of late years to the competition of *The North British Review*, *The British Quarterly*, and *The Prospective*, all of them liberal; and with a notice of which we shall, at next opportunity, finish up what we have to say of the *Review* department of the Periodical Press.

HERODOTUS SMITH.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

SHORTLY after SAINT-PIERRE'S arrival in Paris, he was offered a situation as captain of engineers at Malta. This offer he gladly accepted. Malta at that time was threatened with a siege by the Turks. Several engineers were sent by the French Government to assist the knights in defending it, and SAINT-PIERRE was of the number. He set out before having received his commission, a promise being made that it would be forwarded to him at Toulon. He reached Lyons in the beginning of May, 1761. After remaining there a few days, he continued his journey to Marseilles. Here he found abundance of entertainment, lounging on the quays, observing the variety, vivacity, and bustle of a crowded seaport, and admiring the picturesque costumes of the sailors assembled from every quarter of the world. From Marseilles he proceeded to Toulon; when about to embark in the vessel which was to convey him to Malta, a touching incident befel him. As he was coming out of a coffee-house, an old man with a long beard, and wearing a turban, embraced his knees with fervour, and uttered some earnest words in an unknown tongue. An officer who stood by, and who understood what he said, informed SAINT-PIERRE that this was a Turkish slave, who, concluding that nothing could resist the power of the Sultan, that in the approaching enterprise the knights and those aiding them would fail, and that thus SAINT-PIERRE would be taken prisoner, deplored the fate of one so young, condemned to slavery still severer than his own. This circumstance deeply moved BERNARDIN, and he lamented that he could do nothing to succour one whose promptness of commiseration seemed to prove much nobleness of soul.

SAINT-PIERRE awaited at Toulon the arrival of his commission, but in vain; and at last he sailed without it, an act of imprudence which exposed him to great annoyance and embarrassment. During the voyage he was treated as an adventurer, and as if the statement that he had been appointed by the Government were an impudent falsehood. On the eleventh day the vessel came in sight of Malta. Soon after landing the four other engineers proceeded together to pay a visit to the Grand Master, leaving SAINT-PIERRE standing by himself on the shore, under the pretence that he was assuming a rank that did not belong to him. Astonished and indignant at such conduct, he applied successively for redress to the French Minister, to the Grand Master, and to the French Commander-in-Chief; but he was spurned by them all with the same coldness and contempt. However keenly a sensitive nature, conscious of nothing but the highest chivalry of honour, must have felt these indignities, yet SAINT-PIERRE submitted to them with the best grace and resignation he could, and did not meanly resent what he was incompetent to remedy. Seeing that there was what seemed a general conspiracy not to recognise him in his official position, he hired a small house, where he lived a solitary life, having, for companion and servant, an old Portuguese who was too proud to do any one's will but his own. Here refused even to take home the fruits that his master bought in the market, and everything that wore an aspect of drudgery SAINT-PIERRE was obliged to do for himself. One day, however, he condescended to carry a harp, of which his master had obtained the use, to cheer his humble dwelling and lonely hours. At this sudden change, SAINT-PIERRE expressing his wonder, the Portuguese said with solemn dignity that anything that could do honour to man, such as books, pictures, and music, he was always wil-

ling to fetch, but that to be the bearer of articles of food he considered a degradation. After he left SAINT-PIERRE'S service, the latter often met him walking gravely about with a gold-headed cane in his hand, and protected by the ponderous curls of a majestic periwig.

The expected siege did not take place, whereupon SAINT-PIERRE set sail for France in a Danish vessel, which, after having run great risk of shipwreck, partly through the mismanagement of the captain, and partly through the state of the weather, at last reached Marseilles. SAINT-PIERRE had no sooner put foot on his native soil than he set out for Paris, where, as a friendless wanderer, he arrived poorer than he had ever been at any previous period of his career. At first leaning on a reed, which had already broken and pierced his hand, he applied to men of power and influence, especially to those connected with the court; but he found no ear willing to listen to his solicitations—no heart ready to pity his misfortunes. He then turned to his relations, but neither was there any help for him in that quarter. He was counselled in this extremity to give lessons in mathematics. This answered for a time, but his pupils soon fell off, owing, DUROZOR says, to his want of temper and punctuality. He then presented some engineering scheme to the French Government, but it received no attention. He was now reduced to the most frightful distress; his baker refused to trust him any longer, his landlady threatened to turn him out, and, in utter desolation, he did not know to what quarter to turn for the slightest assistance. He resolved, in such a wretched and hopeless condition, to try fortune in other lands than his own.

He was still a dreamer, notwithstanding his recent afflictions and privations, and it was rich in glowing visions, his only wealth, that he arrived at the Hague, in Holland. He took an early opportunity of presenting a letter of recommendation to the BARON DE SPARKEN, the Hanoverian Ambassador. He was unexpectably confounded when the ambassador informed him that he was not in any way acquainted with the person who had written the letter. The Baron, who was an old man, was a firm believer in alchymy, and he concluded with admirable logic that a young man who was a proficient in mathematics must also know the philosopher's stone; he therefore promised to obtain for him some situation or other, if he would only communicate to him the secret of gold-making. SAINT-PIERRE frankly confessed that he did not hold in his power any such secret, and threw out some bold doubts about alchymy altogether. This did not dispose the ambassador in his favour, who gave him to understand that a man who did not believe in alchymy could have little chance of obtaining a situation in Holland. He added that his being a Catholic was a formidable obstacle to his advancement; that the time had long gone by when the Dutch Government gave employment without distinction to persons of every religious faith, and that finally it was a great pity that SAINT-PIERRE had not come to him four days earlier, when his nephew, the COUNT DE LA LIPPE, had embarked to go and take the command of the Portuguese troops which were to fight against Spain. SAINT-PIERRE derived two lessons from his interview—two lessons which his subsequent experience only confirmed—first, that letters of recommendation never lead to anything; secondly, that he who has to cut out his path by his skill, talent, and character, has a curious luck in always missing the best opportunities.

If SAINT-PIERRE possessed the philosopher's stone, as BARON DE SPARKEN suspected, he did not seem to be able to make any use of it for his own benefit; for he was soon not merely destitute of gold, but also almost of bread. In the midst of his perplexities, all of which were darkened by the grim phantom of want, he accidentally heard the name of M. MUSTEL, a French journalist, living at Amsterdam. SAINT-PIERRE recollected that this was the name of an ecclesiastic who had formerly been one of his tutors. Encouraged by this pleasing memory, he immediately wrote to M. MUSTEL, who replied without delay that the ecclesiastic in question was his brother, and that he would consider himself happy if he could be useful to one of his pupils. SAINT-PIERRE set out at once for Amsterdam, and found in M. MUSTEL a generous man, ready to serve him to the extent of his ability. They speedily became intimate friends, and M. MUSTEL offered him an editorship in his newspaper, with a considerable salary, and told him besides that he might have, if he chose, the hand of his sister-in-

law. But SAINT-PIERRE, who was still living in the delusion that he had been born to found or to revolutionise empires, to be, if not a great conqueror, a great legislator, did not like descending from his sublime eminence to be a scribbler of paragraphs on temporary and trifling events. He, therefore, unwisely, as most of us will deem, rejected M. MUSTEL's kindness. He, however, borrowed from him the money necessary for a journey to Lubeck, whither SAINT-PIERRE's restless spirit next led him. There he did not linger long, but replenishing his meagre purse from that of a friend, the CHEVALIER DE CHAZOT, he directed his course to St. Petersburg, where the elevation of CATHARINE to the imperial throne made a centre of attraction for all the aspiring minds of Europe. SAINT-PIERRE found on board the vessel in which he sailed to St. Petersburg, French, German, and English singers, dancers, and hair dressers, all filled with a huge opinion of their own importance, and with an exaggerated expectation of the part they were destined to play in the Russian capital. They all spoke as if it were less for the purpose of pursuing their profession that they were going than in order to civilise the barbarous Russians. The voyage lasted a month. From Cronstadt the passengers sailed in a barge up the Neva to St. Petersburg. They found the expanse of waters studded with desert islands, and black forests of firs growing on its banks. They thought themselves in the midst of the profound silence at the extremities of the world, when suddenly at a turn of the river they discovered the city of the Czars, with its vast quays, its bridge of boats, the gilt tower of the Admiralty, its domes painted in green, its palaces crowned with trophies, and with groups of sculpture, covering the wilderness with its immense and solitary grandeur. At this magnificent spectacle SAINT-PIERRE was stirred by strange and vague emotions. Now at last he thought he was about to enter on a theatre worthy of his energies and ambition. What were all his past toils, trials, and disappointments to one privileged to seize with the insatiate enthusiasm of youth an Eldorado more glorious than the most brilliant of his bygone phantasies? To be young, to have a fertile imagination, a sanguine temperament, an intense purpose, a host of ardent faculties, was the real Eldorado, as SAINT-PIERRE too soon and too sadly experienced.

KENNETH MORENCY.

RAMBLES IN THE BY-WAYS OF LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

(Concluded from page 325.)

PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

BLIND poets, ever since the days of old HOMER, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," have been very numerous; we may mention, among others, MILTON, ACH, of Lubeck, DAN LEOPOLD, who was born blind (died in 1773), the French poets, LAMOTTE and DELILLE, BLACKLOCK, AVISSE, KOZLOV, and the Argovian LOUISA EGLOFF. This last had been blind from infancy.

ASCONIUS PEDIANUS, a grammarian of the first century, DIDYMUS, a celebrated doctor of Alexandria, who died about the year 395, BRANDOLINI, a Florentine preacher and Latin poet of the fifteenth century, the celebrated Italian grammarian PONTANUS, the German philologist GRIESINGER, who knew seven different languages, the Piedmontese historian, GRASSI, who died in 1831, the foreign botanists, RUMPF, who died in 1693, and JUSSIÉU (died 1838), the Dutch mathematician BORGHES, GALILEO, the astronomer CASSINI, and the Genevese naturalist HUBER, well known by his beautiful works on bees, who became blind from the effect of cold caught through having lost his way during an excessively severe winter's night, have all at an age more or less advanced, been deprived of sight by various accidents.

But the most remarkable among the men who, though blind, have made a name for themselves in science, is the English mathematician, SAUNDERSON, who was deprived of sight from small-pox in the first year of his age. Despite his complete loss of vision, he devoted himself with the greatest assiduity to the study of science, and lectured with success on mathematics and optics at the University of Cambridge. With him the sense of touch had attained a degree of exquisite sensibility. Thus, for instance, in a collection of Roman medals, he could distinguish the true from the false, although the latter were sufficiently well counterfeited as to deceive even men who

had the power of judging with their eyes. By the difference in the impression of the air upon his face he could tell when an object was placed before him; and, in consequence of his wonderfully acute sense of hearing, which enabled him to seize and appreciate the slightest sounds, he could judge of the size of any room in which he might be standing, of his distance from the wall, &c.

The skilful Prussian flute player, LUDWIG DULON, having become blind when only eight years of age, WOLFE, director of a primary school at Dresden, invented for his use a moveable alphabet in relief, by the aid of which he succeeded in writing an *Autobiography*, which was published in two volumes, octavo, by WIELAND, of Zurich, in 1807.

In the sixteenth century, at the period of the inauguration of the theatre of Vicenza, by the *Academia Olympica* of that city, they represented the *Edipus*, of SOPHOCLES, translated by ORSATO JUSTINIANO, a noble Venetian. The character of *Edipus*, during the last act, was played by LEWIS GROTO, surnamed *Il Cieco*, a dramatic author, and blind.

In the seventeenth century, the Italian sculptor, GIOVANNI GONELLI, born at Gambassi, in Tuscany, having become blind at the age of twenty years, continued, nevertheless, the exercise of his art, and, despite his infirmity, executed several portraits in terra cotta, which are still regarded as admirable specimens of art. Among other works from his hand there may now be seen at the Barberini Palace, in Rome, a portrait bust of Pope URBAN VIII. It was sufficient for him merely to pass his hand over the face of the sitter, in order to reproduce an exact model of the features. There is no doubt that it is to him the Abbé ARNAUD alludes, in the following passage of his "Memoires", though, for what reason we know not, the artist's name is left blank:—

"I should have been glad," he says, "to have taken Lucca in my way, in order to behold a prodigy of the age, the famous sculptor, —, who having excelled in his art, but having now become blind, continues to work upon marble, and to produce excellent likenesses by merely feeling people's faces. A strange anecdote is related of this individual.

"The Princess of Palestrina, Donna Anna Colonna, wife of Prince Barberino, when passing through Lucca on her journey from France, wished to see this extraordinary man, whom she had known at the court of Pope Urban, prior to his loss of sight. In order to test the truth of the wonderful things she had heard related of him, she presented to the sculptor a medal, giving him to understand that the impression upon it was the portrait of the prince, her husband, and asking his opinion thereupon; but the sculptor, after handling it for some time, began to kiss it, saying "Madam, you cannot deceive me thus; I know too well it is the face of my good master, Pope Urban;" just as though he had eyes at his fingers' ends, by which he could discern an object so insensible to the touch as the relief of a medal."—*Memoires de l'Abbé Arnaud, Année 1648.*

Certain warriors, although afflicted with blindness, have, nevertheless, directed armies. Of these were HENRY DANDOLO, BYRON's "blind old DANDOLO," and JOHN ZISKA. The first, Doge of Venice, who, according to GEOFFROY DE VILLEHARDOUIN, the French chronicler, lost his sight in consequence of a wound in the head, was one of the chiefs of the Latin army at the siege and taking of Constantinople, in the fourth crusade, 1204.

JOHN DE TROCZOW, better known by the name of ZISKA (in Bohemian, the one-eyed), which surname he received in consequence of having lost one eye when very young, while playing with some children, was the instigator and chief of the terrible war of the Hussites, which lasted upwards of half a century. At the siege of Raby, in the year 1420, he lost his remaining eye; and yet it was after this mishap that the old blind dog, as he called himself, gained his most brilliant victories.

"After he had lost his sight" says LENFANT, in his *History of the Wars of the Hussites*, "he used to post himself close to the principal standard, and from this point, after having had the order of the battle, the general lie of the ground, and the other strategical points, clearly explained to him, would, according to the information received, draw up his forces in line of battle, and give orders for the attack. For the rest, when he wished to fight, he never made any distinction between night and day. One evening, when he had given orders for a general attack to take place, he was told that the darkness of the night

prevented the troops acting, whereupon he set fire to a neighbouring village without more ado, in order to light his army to victory. He died of the plague at the siege of Przibislaw, in 1424.

The Russian chronicler, NESTOR, speaks, in the year 1023, of a battle in which there was present a leader of a band of irregulars who was blind, and wore over his eyes a bandage of cloth, embroidered with gold.

The glorious death of JOHN THE BLIND, king of Bohemia, at the battle of Crécy, in 1346, is well-known. Having learned that the day was lost, he had himself conducted by his knights into the very thick of the fight, and there, after performing prodigies of valour, fell surrounded by his faithful followers, who perished with him.

Several accounts of blind princes are furnished by the histories of the Greek empire, and the annals of the Mussulman states, where the punishment of deprivation of sight was frequent. For other countries we may cite: LOUIS III., king of Provence; BOLESLAUS III., duke of Bohemia; MAGNUS IV., king of Norway; and BELA II., king of Hungary, among the number of blind sovereigns.

NATHANIEL PRICE, a bookseller of Norwich, in the present century, lost his sight during a voyage to America; but this misfortune did not prevent him becoming a bookbinder. Several specimens of bookbinding, reputed to be excellent examples of the art, executed by him during his affliction, are extant.

Before proceeding further, we may quote three more examples, namely,—JAMES WILSON, a native of Birmingham, and blind from birth, who, in the year 1833, published, in his native town, a biography of celebrated blind men, poets, philosophers, &c.; JEAN THIERRY, a Frenchman, who died about the year 1660, also blind from infancy, who acquired great reputation in his day as a preacher and instructor of youth. He had at one time conceived the project of composing a *Treatise on Colours*; and, lastly, the illustrious French historian, AUGUSTIN THIERRY, still living at the present day, and an ornament of the literature of his country.

We will now proceed to cite the names of a few of those who, according to the French proverb, would be kings in the country of the preceding. "Almost everybody," says VIGNEUL MARVILLE, "pities the blind, and yet all feel a sort of aversion for the one-eyed, although, in sober justice, the one-eyed man merits, at least, the half of our compassion. Squint-eyed persons, above all, when the obliquity of vision is not excessive, do not displease. We admire in M. DE MONTMORENCY that slight turn in the eye which, at the Court of LOUIS XIII. goes by the name of the eye *a la MONTMORENCY*. M. DESCARTES had a peculiar liking for persons who squinted, and he attributes this circumstance to the fact of his nurse squinting. And yet there are, on the other hand, those who cannot look at a squint-eyed person without experiencing a strange sensation almost amounting to pain in the eyes. I am of that number."

Among the number of one-eyed heroes we may cite the ancient Greek poet, TYRTEUS,* PHILIP of Macedon, HANNIBAL, BOHEMOND IV., first Prince of Antioch, RALPH, Count of Vermandois, WENCESLAUS III., King of Bohemia, POTEMKIN, the favourite of CATHARINE II. of Russia, and in the ranks of literature and science, the French grammarian DESFAUTERE, CAMOENS, PORRO, an Italian engraver of the sixteenth century, LILLO, the well-known author of *George Barnwell*, the French chemist, CONTÉ, inventor of the crayons which bear his name, and the Danish antiquary, ARENDT, of Altona, who, in his many wanderings, among other strange vagaries, made it his practice to carry all his papers about his person, live on the charity of others, and sleep in the open air.

"The eyes of TIBERIUS," says SUETONIUS, "were very large, and, what is astonishing, they could discern objects for a considerable time during the darkness of the night." ANASTASIUS I., Emperor of the East, had one eye black and the other blue, from which circumstance he received the surname of "DICOEUS."

Despite the assertions of LAVATER and his disciples, the physiognomy frequently presents

* By all accounts, it would appear that Tyrteus was no beauty: he had but one eye, and that had a decided cast in it; he was also lame. In the war between the Lacedaemonians and Messenians, the Spartans applied to the Athenians for a general, and the latter, it is supposed, in derision, sent them Tyrteus. The bard, however, so inspired the Spartans by his warlike songs that they reduced the Messenians to subjection.

the greatest contrast with the actual character of the man: "TIMOLEON DE COSSE, Conte de Brissac, was," says BRANTOME, "of all the young men I knew, the one who most loved to handle his sword and draw blood; and a little too much so, certainly, for he was very cruel in the combat, and was never happy but when he could draw blood." A pleasant youth, truly. "And yet how strange," continues his chronicler, "that this brave Brissac, who was delicate and even feminine in appearance, should be at heart so cruel and bloodthirsty. Very different to the valiant STROZZI, who had a dark, sombre, and bearded face, and yet was gentle and merciful in disposition."

We may, however, be permitted to entertain some doubts of the mercy of this "valiant STROZZI," who, according to BRANTOME's own account, on a certain day caused to be thrown over the bridge of Ce, and drowned, no less than eight hundred women, who had followed his army. An act of wanton cruelty which nearly led to a general mutiny.

The learned Egyptian grammarian, ATHENÆUS, who flourished in the third century, devotes a long passage of his *Deipnosophists*, or *Table Talk of the Sophists*, to an account of persons remarkable for their obesity. NYMPHIS, of Heracleus, quoted by him, speaks thus of DENYS, the Tyrant of Heracleus: "Having succeeded his father in the tyranny of his country, he insensibly became so corpulent through his daily table excesses that he was almost suffocated by the enormous mass of his own fat; it was for this reason that his physicians directed that several long thin needles should be prepared for the express purpose of piercing his sides and belly every time he should fall into too deep a sleep; these needles were accordingly pressed into his body until he gave some signs of feeling, which took place so soon as the needle had penetrated to the flesh; then he would awake. If he had business to transact with any one, he would conceal his body in a huge basket, leaving only his head visible, and in this state would converse with those who might present themselves."

ATHENÆUS, in this chapter, speaks also of some sovereigns remarkable for their obesity, and, among others, of PROLEMY VII., and of his son ALEXANDER: "This last," says POSIDONIUS, quoted by the same author, "became so fat that he could scarcely walk without being sustained by two persons. Nevertheless, when required to dance at the banquets, he would spring, shoeless, from very elevated couches, and execute dances with far more vigour and agility than those who were accustomed to the exercise."

At Rome, according to AULUS GELLUS, the Roman knights who had become too fat were condemned to the loss of their hair.

In the Middle Ages, *embonpoint* appears to have been considered by some writers as an especial grace of God. The monk GUILLAUME, in his *Life of Segur*, expresses himself thus: "Among all the various graces which he received from Heaven, one only failed him—that of becoming fatter after assuming the reins of the government of St. Denis than he had been as a private individual; whilst almost all his predecessors, no matter how thin they might have previously been, had no sooner obtained the imposition of hands when they ordinarily began to fatten both in face and figure, not to say in heart also."

Among other personages noted for their corpulence, we may cite FREDERICK I., King of Wurtemberg, who, from his excessive obesity, was surnamed the "Elephant." Until very lately might be seen at the Hotel de Ville, of Paris, the identical table at which he sat on the occasion of the great banquet given at the marriage of MARIA LOUISA, and in which a vast hollow had been contrived to lodge his royal stomach.

Among the vast number of little men, celebrated under different titles, in the world, we need only name, in antiquity, AGESILAUS, the orator, C. LICINIUS CALPURNIUS, who pleaded several times against CICERO, and the actor, LUCIUS. ALPIUS, of Alexandria, a celebrated philosopher and contemporary of JAMBLICHUS, was only two feet high. It is related of him that he was in the habit of praising God for having burdened his soul with so small a portion of corruptible matter. We may cite also, ALBERT the Great (!), whom, it is said, the POPE desired several times one day to rise, imagining that he was still on his knees before him, VLADISLAUS IV., surnamed *Lokietek* (no higher than an ell), the French prelate, GODEAU, nicknamed "Julia's Dwarf," the Eng-

lish painter, GRISON, whose wife, like himself, but three feet high, gave him a family of nine children, and the Italian, APOSTOLI, envoy of the republic of San Marino—the smallest state in Europe—to the republic of France, and who used to fly into a violent rage whenever they told him that he was of the same height as his country:

Piccola republica, piccolo rappresentante.

For further details on this subject the curious reader, if so inclined, may consult the treatise of the Prussian Quade: *De viris statura parvis et eruditione magnis*. Griefswalde 1786.

"The body of AUGUSTUS" relates SUETONIUS, "was, they say covered with stains, and he had upon the breast and stomach certain natural marks disposed like the stars in the constellation of the Bear." His hip, thigh, and left leg were rather weak, and he frequently limped on this side. Occasionally also he would experience such a sensation of inertia in the index finger of the right hand, that in cold weather he was obliged to keep it closely enveloped in a cloth bandage.

ALEXANDER the Great, when walking, leaned his head to one side, and it is said, that like the celebrated French jurist CUJAS, his perspiration exhaled an agreeable odour.

In the Middle Ages it would appear, according to several passages in the old chroniclers, that red hair was held in but slender esteem. Thus, the monk of Saint Gall relates a story of a poor red-haired man, who, having no cap, and being ashamed of the colour of his hair, was fain to cover his head with the skirt of his garment, and dared not enter a church where a bishop preached.

This prejudice against red hair arose from the generally received opinion that the hair of JUDAS ISCARIOT was of that colour. Hence, we find the French chronicler GUIBERT DE NOGENT, in his *History of the Crusades*, stating that red haired persons carry upon their heads a fiery brand of infidelity.

The Thracian rhetorician ZOILUS, FULK I. Count of Anjou, JOHN I. Duke of Brittany, MEHAMED EL NASSER King of Africa and Spain in the twelfth century, COLUMBUS, CAMOENS, ANNE BOLEYN and many other personages remarkable in history, had red hair. The nick-name of *Tete d'Etope* (towel head), was bestowed on WILLIAM III. Duke of Aquitania, and also on RAYMOND DE BERENGIER II. Count of Barcelona, on account of the colour and density of their hair.

The hair of LUDWIG of Bavaria, who died in 1294, on his learning the innocence of his wife, whom he had caused to be put to death on a suspicion of infidelity, became almost suddenly white as snow. The same thing happened to the Hellenist VAUVILLIERS in consequence of a terrible dream, and also to the French comedian BRIZARD, who, having fallen into the Rhone, remained for some time in imminent danger of his life, clinging to an iron ring in one of the piles of a bridge. The beard and hair of the Duke of BRUNSWICK whitened in twenty-four hours upon his learning that his father had been mortally wounded at the battle of Auerstadt. We know not if it is to a similar cause that is owing the little tuft of white hair which, it is reported, all the members of the illustrious House of Rohan have upon the forepart of the head.

"The ABBÉ DE MAROLLES" says VIGNEUL MARVILLE, "affirms in his 'Memoires' that the pedagogue CRASSOT possessed the faculty of easily moving the ears; a marvellous circumstance when we consider that man does not possess the muscles which give motion to these members of the body. St. AUGUSTINE speaks of a man of his time, who without moving either head or hands could raise his hair on his head and move his ears; and the Latin geographer POMONIUS MEIA, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era, speaks of a people of India who were accustomed to use their ears instead of a hammer. According to PROCOPIUS, the Emperor JUSTINIAN enjoyed this faculty of moving the ears, from which circumstance he was nicknamed *the Ass* by one of the factions of the Circus.

GUY, a Marseillaise writer of the present century came into the world having but one ear; the place where the other should have been was entirely void.

Several personages have been born with teeth, among others GUILLAUME BIGOTS a French physician and philosopher of the sixteenth century; LOUIS XIV., and the English poet BOYD.

The tragedian APELLES, according to CALIGULA, possessed when a child a remarkable faculty; whenever he was whipped for any fault he would

cry melodiously, that is to say, in correct musical harmony.

GARCIA II. King of Navarre, who died in the year 1001, was surnamed *The Trembler*. JUAN DE MARIANA the Spanish historian, in his *Historia de Rebus Hispania*, relates that he obtained this surname because he was invariably seized with a nervous trembling the moment he entered the battle field. This tremor however, was but a defect of temperament, for so soon as the battle had actually commenced, and he found himself in the heat of the fray surrounded by the enemy, he would give signal proofs of intrepid valour allied to a degree of presence of mind absolutely marvellous.

TALLEMANT DES REAUX in his gossiping *Historiettes* speaks of a youth, by name PLASSAC, who was affected in a similar way: "A brave youth" says he, but he was always seized with a sort of tremor throughout the whole frame before taking his sword in his hand.

But here we must for the present take leave of our readers, trusting however that when we meet them again, they may feel disposed to accompany us in another ramble through the "By-ways of Literature." G. J. K.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA.

Reign of George the First, concluded. 1724—1727.

By GEORGE HARRIS, Esq., Author of the "Life of Lord Hardwicke."

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 326.)

On the 2nd of March, 1727, died that renowned philosopher and great original genius, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the splendour of whose discoveries has given an immortality to his name. Among the papers already cited from, is a letter of considerable interest from Bishop ATTERBURY to Mr. THARSTAR, in which he thus describes the person and appearance of the philosopher, and expresses his opinion as to the extent and nature of his powers.

Referring to Fontenelle, he says, "He has been misinformed as to one little particular, in the short draught he has given us of Sir Isaac Newton's figure. The *œil fort vis, et fort perc, aut*, which he gives him did not belong to him, at least not for twenty years past, about which time I first became acquainted with him. Indeed, in the whole air of his face and make, there was nothing of that penetrating sagacity which appears in his *compesures*. He had something rather languid in his look and manner which did not raise any great expectation in those who did not know him. I see Monsr. Fontenelle speaks warily as to the MSS. relating to antiquity, history and divinity which Sir Isaac Newton left behind him. I wish, for the honour of our country, that they may be as excellent in their kind as those he published. But I fear the case is otherwise, and that he will be found to have been a great master only in that way to which he was by nature inclined. It is enough for us poor limited creatures if we remarkably excel in any one branch of knowledge. We may have a smattering of more; but it is beyond the lot of our nature to attain any perfection in them. Monsr. Fontenelle's praise of Sir Isaac Newton's modesty, and of modesty in general, is to me the most pleasing part of that description he has given of him. It is that modesty which will lead us to speak and think of the ancients with reverence, especially if we happen not to be thoroughly acquainted with them. Sir Isaac certainly was, and his great veneration of them was one distinguishing part of his character, which I wonder, or rather, I do not wonder that Monsr. Fontenelle has omitted."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON held the office of Master of the Mint, which is at present filled by another renowned philosopher and astronomer, Sir W. HERSCHELL. How little do the professional occupations of two of our greatest geniuses seem to accord with the nature of their high pursuits! While contempt of riches was fearfully engendered by the nature of their avocations, the multiplication of money was made the chief object of their professional care. In their case, however, the knowledge which from their more choice pursuits, they had acquired of the properties of metals, rendered their services in this department of peculiar value. WORDSWORTH the poet held an office apparently yet more ill-suited to his taste and genius, that of Distributor of Stamps in a provincial district.

On the 14th of June an express arrived from

Germany, where the King had lately gone to visit his dominions, with an account of the death of King GEORGE I., on which His Majesty King GEORGE II., hitherto Prince of WALES, came immediately from Richmond, where he received the intelligence, to Leicester House; and the members of the Privy Council being assembled were resworn. The new King declared his firm purpose to preserve the Constitution in Church and State, and to cultivate those alliances which his father had made with foreign princes. He then took and subscribed the usual oaths, and the next day was proclaimed King. The late King—at the time of being seized with the illness which led to his death, and which was by some attributed to poison, by others to a disease brought on by eating a melon after supper—was taking a journey. On his arrival at Bentheim, the king felt himself indisposed, but continued his journey in opposition to the repeated entreaties of his suite. His illness increased, and when he arrived at Ippenburen, he was quite lethargic; his hand fell down as if lifeless, and his tongue hung out of his mouth. He gave, however, signs of life by continually crying out, as well as he could articulate, Osnabrug, Osnabrug. This impatience to reach Osnabrug, induced the attendants not to stop at Ippenburen, but to hasten on in hopes of arriving at that city before he died. But it was too late. The exact time and place of his death cannot be ascertained. SMOLLETT says that he was conveyed in a state of insensibility to Osnabrug, where he expired on Sunday the 11th of June. Accordingly to other accounts, it appears most probable that the King expired either as the carriage was ascending the hill near Ippenburen, or on the summit. On their arrival at the palace of his brother, the Bishop of Osnabrug, the King was immediately bled, but all attempts to recover him proved ineffectual.

Although GEORGE I. had, by an invalid marriage, espoused the Duchess of KENDALL, yet his real wife, the unfortunate SOPHIA DOROTHEA, was then still alive, and died only seven months before the King. The last thirty-two years of her life she, however, passed in close captivity in the castle of Alden, in the Duchy of Zell, under a charge of infidelity to her husband, her supposed paramour being a former admirer, Count CONIGSMARK. She was accustomed to receive the sacrament every week during her confinement, on which occasion she always made a solemn protestation of her innocence.

There is a story told that the real occasion of the King's death was a letter which was put into his hands while he was travelling in Germany, and which was written by his unfortunate wife just before her death, solemnly protesting her innocence, and summoning him to appear within a year and a day to meet her at the bar of Eternal Justice, to answer for his cruelty and injustice towards her; and that on reading this letter the King was so affected that he was immediately seized with the fit which occasioned his death.

GEORGE II. was fully convinced of his mother's innocence. He was fondly attached to her, but never was permitted to see her during her imprisonment. He always kept her portrait in his possession.

GEORGE I., by his will, which was made in 1720, and was witnessed by Lord WALPOLE, eldest son of Sir ROBERT, as appears by a copy among the HARDWICKE papers, gave all his property, consisting of two sums of 10,000*l.* and 12,000*l.*, the latter of which was standing in Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's name, to the Duchess of KENDAL absolutely.

HORACE WALPOLE says,* that GEORGE I. told the Duchess of KENDAL, that if he could he would appear to her after his death; and that soon after the event a large bird flew into her window, which she believed was the King's soul, and took the utmost care of. The new King inherited his father's superstitions, and had also several original ones of his own.

GEORGE I., besides the Duchess of KENDAL, had several other mistresses, particularly one whom he brought over and created Countess of DARLINGTON; by whom he was father of CHARLOTTE, Viscountess HOWE, though she was not publicly avowed. In the last year or two of his life he had another mistress, Miss ANNE BRETT, daughter by her second husband, Colonel BRETT, of the famous divorced Countess of MACCLESFIELD, mother of SAVAGE the poet. Miss BRETT had an apartment given to her in the palace at St.

James's, and was to have been created a countess if the King had returned.*

A monument to GEORGE I. was erected in Leicester-fields, by his grandson FREDERICK, Prince of Wales, who, HORACE WALPOLE says, affected a contradictory fondness for him.

The late King was born on the 28th of May, 1660, the day before the restoration of the STUART dynasty, which he was so instrumental in overthrowing. He first came to England as a suitor to the Princess ANNE, afterwards Queen of England. He was never able to speak the English language with any facility; and as WALPOLE did not understand French, they carried on their necessary political dialogues in Latin. Between this monarch and his son, now King GEORGE II., the domestic war was carried on consistently to the last. And Prince FREDERICK, now Prince of Wales, in his turn dutifully and closely followed his father's example, by quarrelling constantly with his father.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DAY.

NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

Prorogation of Parliament—The two select Committees of the Session—New feasibilitys of Co-operation—Talked-of Abolition of the Newspaper Stamp—Consequent Revolution in Newspaper Literature—Fears of Bawler and Bantam—Recent case of Editorial incompetency—Hints of new Arrangements necessary in Journalism—Writing "any shade of Politics," and Newspaper Ethics—Abolition of the Anonymous in French Journalism, and its effects—Manchester Free Library—Bungling in the Library Act, and example of its working at Sheffield—Free Libraries for London—What is to be done with the Crystal Palace?—Mr. Grave's answer—Baths and Bathing in England and in Ancient Rome—Political conceit of the English—The Times on the Paris and the London Corporation—Indication of a Field of Inquiry.

On Friday the trumpets sounded and the cannon boomed—a dismissal to "My Lords and Gentlemen" at Westminster. The eyes that were wearied of scanning blue books may now refresh themselves on groves and fields clad in a less sophisticated green than that of the dusty London parks; instead of the crack of Lord MARCUS HILL's whip is heard the sound of the genuine leather on the haunches of the rural steed; the hand that was wont to wave in oratorical gesticulation now grasps the fowling-piece or the fishing-rod.—Parliament is prorogued! I see the newspapers complain that nothing has been done during the past session. Foolish newspapers! Have there not been sitting Select Committees on the Law of Partnership and on Newspaper Stamps? Have they not heard evidence and made reports which are sure to be attended to next session, and are big with promise to the working people and to the men of letters? What has been the chief obstacle to a fair trial, at least, of the co-operative principle? Why that just regulations made by co-operative societies could not be enforced without legal processes of tremendous expense. The Partnership Committee has recommended that this be altered, and see the result! A co-operative society may be able to elect a superintendent or manager, with despotic, or almost despotic, power; and this the law will shelter him in exercising, just as it secures the authority of the husband over the wife. If the two principles of permanence of contract and of authoritative superintendence can be introduced into co-operation, one does not see why it should not succeed; at least, the experiment would be worth the making. And then look at the recommendation of the Committee on Newspaper Stamps! That it shall be lawful to publish a newspaper without stamp, which needs only be used when the paper is actually posted. What a revolution this will work in newspaper-literature. As soon as it becomes law, a brood of cheap newspapers will start into existence in every locality, and there may be realised Mr. CORDEN's picture of every working man reading his penny newspaper at his noon-tide meal! My friends BAWLER and BANTAM of *The Plugboat Trimmer*, a Journal of decided Ultra-Radicalism, are beginning to be a little frightened. It was pleasant enough to declaim against the "Taxes on Knowledge" so long as their repeal was distant, but now that it seems at hand, and infinite newspaper competition is at

hand, my respectable friends are rather drawing in their horns. By the way, the newspapers were full the other day of a curious trial which shows a deficiency of proper arrangements somewhere. The editor of a country paper brought an action against its proprietor for salary, to which the proprietor pleaded that the editor was utterly incompetent, and he put in letters and "copy" to prove his case. Both, certainly, were of the oddest description,—sheer nonsense as to meaning, and the spelling—oh! what spelling! It turned out that the proprietor had applied to an Agent in "Adam-street, Strand," who had recommended the plaintiff, anonymously. The plaintiff and defendant corresponded, and were mutually pleased; but the Agent asked an exorbitant fee, and the negotiation was broken off, neither knowing the other's name. By a curious coincidence, the two came together again afterwards, and the cæcographous editor was duly installed! Why is there not some respectable literary agency, like the many scholastic ones? Nay, why is there not some college of Editors as there already is of Preceptors and Actuaries? If the Taxes on Knowledge are to be repealed and the country to be flooded with newspapers, it will be of unspeakable importance that some new arrangement should be made respecting Editors. And then the ethics of newspaper writing—who is to settle them? I saw the other day in *The Times* an advertisement by "a Barrister" offering to write leaders "in any shade of politics!" Is it come to this? Are the "formation of public opinion" and the "destinies of nations" to be committed to hands like these? Last year, the French National Assembly, in a fit of spite at the newspaper press, passed a law compelling the authors of all newspaper articles to affix their real names. The French legislators thought they were damaging the newspaper-press! On the contrary they were immensely increasing its power. In France, the writer of articles is now a public man—most public of all the public. He is invested with the responsibilities and respectabilities of publicity. He needs to catch no "Speaker's eye," no cries of "Spoke" salute his ear, no demands for "la clôture" choke his utterances. Day after day he speaks, ingeniously, eloquently, attractively; what is the parliamentary orator to him?

The Manchester Free Library goes on swimmingly; some 10,000*l.* have been subscribed; the building is getting ready; the Librarian is in London making some final purchases; and the whole will be open in a few weeks. What is curious is, that there has been no mention in Manchester of striking a rate, which is allowed to be levied by the Museums and Libraries Act of last year. How is this? I will explain it to you, worthy reader! The original proposal was that Town Councils should be empowered to levy a small rate not to exceed a halfpenny in the pound for the erection or maintenance of the library building. As Town Councils are popularly elected, this would have been a most unobjectionable arrangement; and had the matter been in the hands of a more vigorous and determined member than Mr. EWART, it would have been so settled. But that well-known Lancashire Demagogue, Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, with a plausible air of respect to the popular principle, proposed that Town Councils should be put out of court, and the appeal for a rate be addressed immediately to the rate payers. Just as if when a national tax was to be imposed, we should give the House of Commons the go-by, and appeal directly to the nation! Well! Mr. EWART was frightened and gave way. What has been the result? Why, at Sheffield lately the proposal was made to strike a rate for a Free Library. Had the proposal been made to the Town Council, which fully and fairly represents the population of Sheffield, it would have been no doubt accepted. But it was made to the rate payers and was rejected. And was it rejected by the general voice of the rate payers? Not at all; only an inconsiderable fraction of the whole number voted at all. I see Mr. EWART has got another committee on public libraries, and I hope this matter will be brought before them with a view to an alteration of the law. When is London to have its Free Lending Libraries, like Manchester? The British Museum is all very well, but we want lending libraries. If they are practicable in Manchester, they are practicable here.

What is to be done with the Crystal Palace? One is for converting it into a Winter Garden, another would have it a School of Design—there is an infinite variety of schemes—and I, mean-

* Memoirs.

* Memoirs of George II.

while, will modestly propound mine. It is to make it into a great public Bath, warm and tepid in winter,—tepid and cold in summer. But are there not the public Baths and Wash-houses? Yes, little puddling places, where you see strings of grimy individuals standing piteously *en queue*, waiting their turn. It is scandalous to the metropolis of the world that it should not have a grand system of baths. The Thames is, of course, impracticable, and people are already beginning to grumble at the slight access which is given to the Serpentine for bathing purposes. There was only one other free place in or near London accessible to bathers—a little pond in a corner of Hampstead Heath, and it has been lately drained off. The English pass for being the cleanest people in Europe, and in some respects they are so, and yet in respect of bathing conveniences, how far are they not from a very easily approachable ideal? Manchester and Salford, with their population of 400,000, have only two plunge-baths in remote corners of their respective suburbs. Think of the Romans with their magnificent baths, where plebeians swathed alongside of patrician, and the price of admittance was next to nothing. I see the PEEL Testimonial of Oldham is to be a set of public baths, and a fine sum has been already subscribed.

The English have been accustomed to think that all the political wisdom in the world is confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. Take any of our public meetings, and count the number of allusions to our "free and happy Institutions," "England unmoved amid the crash of Revolution," &c., &c., &c., or if any daring orator does hazard a reference to a foreign model, it must be to the United States of America. At last, however, there seems to be dawning on the "organs of public opinion" intimations of a possibility that we might take a lesson or two from our neighbours across the Channel, and that in more than one department of things STERNE'S sentiment may still be rationally echoed: "They manage these things better in France." For instance, *The Times* has been mingling its abuse of the London Corporation with hints that the organization of that of Paris might be worth inquiring into. Perhaps we have heard more than we are likely to hear again respecting our "admirable system of local self-government," and I know few minor political investigations that would be more fruitful than an enquiry into those relations between the central and municipal governments which the organizing wisdom of NAPOLEON established in France.

FRANK GRAVE.

SCIENCE.

The Steam Engine. By HUGO REID. Third Edition, revised and improved. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1851.

MR. REID describes in a way to be understood by those not versed in scientific technicalities, the construction, action, history, and various forms of the steam engine. As the action of the engine depends on the general laws of Heat and Pneumatics, Mr. REID first details these, fully and explicitly. An appendix is devoted to a commentary on M. ARAGO'S "Eloge of Watt," and in which Mr. REID hardly renders justice to those Frenchmen who have aided in developing the uses and powers of steam. But the book is a most excellent one, and deserves the popularity which the sale indicates it has acquired.

HISTORY.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Author of "The History of the Girondists." Parts I. and II. London: Vizetelly and Co. 1851.

THE fall of NAPOLEON and the Restoration of the BOURBONS is a far less exciting theme for so poetical a pen as that of LAMARTINE than was the more romantic story of the rise and fall of the Girondists. Hence, perhaps, some little disappointment will be felt by those who have anticipated from this new enterprise a revival of the absorbing interest with which they devoured the pages of its predecessor. That it is less attractive is not the fault of the author, but of the theme. Compared with any but himself, and as a specimen of pictorial history, this narrative is unrivalled for brilliancy and effect.

It displays all the characteristics of LAMARTINE'S compositions; his surpassing vanity; his passion for *mots*; his refined sentimentalism; his

copiousness of words; his eloquence of phrase; his tendency to mistake grandiloquence for sense, fancied for fact, and imagination for reason; combined with the capacity of arresting and keeping the attention of the reader by a series of vivid pictures, not the less attractive because they are both shaped and coloured by the fancy of the poet. This new history manifests no change in any of these faculties.

But in the two histories we behold the historian in two different phases of a mind not very versatile. In both, his Reason is at war with his Feelings; but in *The History of the Girondists*, his feelings were enlisted in favour of the Revolution, and his reason against it; in *The History of the Restoration*, his reason is against the Monarchy, but his feelings are in its favour. Hence, most of the contradictions that startled the reader, and sentences even in the same page which it is impossible to reconcile.

It is a thoroughly French book; it could have been composed in no other language; for to attempt to express the same cloud-like ideas in any other tongue would have betrayed their emptiness to the writer. But the French are so accustomed to phrases that they are apt to conclude that a well-sounding sentence must have a substantial meaning; or, rather, perhaps, they are content with the sound, and care not to look for the sense. Thus it is with LAMARTINE. He does not seek to impose upon his readers; he imposes upon himself; he, doubtless, purposes to utter philosophy, when, in fact, he is only pronouncing a rhapsody.

His composition is eminently pictorial; that is its virtue and the secret of his popularity; for, in prosaic England, neither his rhetoric nor his rhapsody would have won for him more than very partial favour. But this very faculty, which recommends him to the reader's enjoyment, calls for great caution before we admit him to confidence. The vividness of his imagination necessarily makes him liable to become its slave; sometimes it substitutes itself for realities, and almost always it deepens the colours of his pictures. Hence his histories are not so much sober narratives, where industry has collected every recorded fact, and patient judgment has been employed in separating the false from the true; as a gallery of brilliant sketches, each one a subject by itself, and linked with the rest by a cord so fine as to be almost invisible.

But it must be said in candour that there is less of this fault visible in the present history than in its predecessor. It is altogether a more sober composition, as if the author had learned to command his impulses and to cultivate his judgment.

The first part of this English translation contains the story of the fall of NAPOLEON. The people, says LAMARTINE, were tired of his despotism: the glories of the Empire could not dazzle them into forgetfulness of its waste of their blood and treasure, nor conceal from them the fetters with which they were bound. The approach of the Allied Armies, the desperate and almost superhuman efforts of the Usurper to maintain himself against the world in arms; his slow retreat, step by step, sustained by a desperate hope that his fortunes were invincible; his despair when all was lost, excite a breathless interest in the reader which never flags for a moment, and will make him look anxiously for a continuation of the wondrous tale, even although he is already acquainted with its grand features and finale. But many of the details will probably be new, or, at least, we never before obtained so complete an insight into the causes of the fall of the Empire, and the convulsive struggles of its latter days.

A few specimens will delight the reader. LAMARTINE'S style is peculiarly adapted for extracts. These are his reasons

WHY NAPOLEON FELL.

Men should be judged not by their fortune, but by their deeds. Napoleon held in his grasp the largest share of power ever confided by Providence to a mortal hand for the purpose of creating civilization and nationality. What has he left behind him? Nothing but a conquered country, and an immortal name. He was the sophist of a counter-revolution.

The world called for a saviour,—Napoleon Bonaparte became its conqueror. France looked for the spirit of reformation, and he imposed upon her despotism and discipline. To liberty of conscience (the great aspiration of his age), he replied by a papal coronation—a simoniacal treaty with Rome—the Concordat.

Impiety lurked beneath the official pomp of public worship. Instead of seeking to revive true faith by liberty of conscience, Napoleon, at a distance of ten

centuries, enacted a parody upon Charlemagne, without having the faith of the neophyte, or the heroic sincerity of this Constantine of Gaul and Germany. To the desire for equality of rights, Napoleon replied by creating a military aristocracy and a feudality of the sword; to the desire for liberty of thought, he replied by the censorship and the monopoly of the public press; to the desire for freedom of discussion, he replied by silent tribunes surrounded by a mute assembly, whose only remaining privilege was to listen to and applaud the official organs of the imperial will.

Thus human intellect languished, literature was degraded, the arts were enslaved, and the public mind withered beneath a despotic rule. Victory alone could retard the explosion of national independence,—of human intelligence. The day she ceased to gild this universal yoke, it would appear in its true light,—glory for one only, humiliation for all, a reproach upon the dignity of the nation, an appeal to continental insurrection.

Victory at length forsook him.

Very fine is this

PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous court, youthful wives, complaisant mistresses, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labour and festive pleasure, the habit of constant riding which made him corpulent,—all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full, and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which at a distance looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been encrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick II.—an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself,—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection, before his troops, who gave him the nickname of "Father Thoughtful." He assumed the *pose* of destiny. Something rough, rudé, and savage in his movements, revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle field,—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire. Such was at this period the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon.

As most characteristic of his manner, we take another of these sketches.

THE EMPRESS MARIA LOUISE.

Maria-Louise was little known to the Parisians, and but little beloved in France. Borne away from Vienna as a trophy of victory, conquered more than courted, succeeding, in the hero's couch, the still living Empress Josephine, whose Creole graces, apparent goodness, and light-hearted disposition, made her, even with these very defects, more popular with so light and superficial a people; a stranger in the midst of France, speaking its language with timidity, studying its manners with embarrassment, Marie-Louise lived in seclusion, like a captive amidst the official circle with which the Emperor surrounded her. That court of beautiful women, newly titled, anxious to repress every attraction except that of their own rank and high favour, allowed nothing to be known of the new Empress, except the simplicity and the awkwardness natural to one who was almost a child, and which was calculated to render her unpopular in her own court. That court was the haughty slanderer of the young Empress. Marie-Louise took refuge in court ceremony,—in solitude and in silence

against the malevolence that acted as a spy on her every word and action. Intimidated by the fame, by the grandeur, and by the impetuous tenderness of the ravisher, whom she dared not to contemplate as a husband, it is unknown whether her timidity permitted her to love him with unrestrained affection. Napoleon loved her with feelings of superiority and pride. She was the blazon of his affiliation with great dynasties; she was the mother of his son, and the establishment of his ambition. But though he exalted no favourites, less from virtue than constitutional disdain, he was known to have had passing predilections for some of the beautiful women by whom he was surrounded. Jealousy therefore, though she dared not accuse her rivals, might have chilled the heart of Marie-Louise. The public were unjust enough to require from her the most passionate and devoted love, when her nature could only inspire her with duty and respect for a soldier who had merely recognised in her a hostage for Germany and a pledge of posterity.

This constraint obscured her natural charms, clouded her features, intimidated her mind, and depressed her heart. She was only regarded as a foreign ornament attached to the columns of the throne. Even history, written in ignorance of the truth, and influenced by the resentment of Napoleon's courtiers, has slandered this princess. Those who have known her will award her, not the stoical and theatrical glory which people required of her, but her natural qualities. She was a charming daughter of the Tyrol, with blue eyes and fair hair. Her complexion varied with the whiteness of its snows and the roses of its valleys; her figure light and graceful, its attitude yielding and languid, like those German maidens who seem to look for the support of some manly heart. Her dreamy glance, full of internal visions, was veiled by the silken fringes of her eyes. Her lips were somewhat pouting,—her bosom full of sighs and fruitful affection; her arms were of due length, fair and admirably moulded, and fell with graceful languor on her robe, as if weary of the burthen of her destiny. Her neck habitually inclined towards her shoulder. She appeared of northern melancholy transplanted into the tumult of a Gallic camp. The pretended insipidity of silence concealed thoughts delicately feminine, and the mysteries of sentiment, which wafted her in imagination far from that court to her magnificent but rude place of exile. The moment she returned to her private apartments, or to the solitude of her gardens, she again became essentially German. She cultivated the arts of poetry, painting, and music. In these accomplishments, education had rendered her perfect, as if to console her, when far from her native land, for the absence and the sorrows to which she would one day be exposed. In these acquirements she excelled; but they were confined to herself alone. She read and repeated from memory the poetry of her native bards. By nature she was simple, but pleasing and absorbed within herself; externally silent but full of internal feelings; formed for domestic love in an obscure destiny; but, dazzled on a throne, she felt herself exposed to the gaze of the world as the conquest of pride, not the love of a hero. She could dissemble nothing, either during her grandeur, or after the reverses of her lord; and this was her crime. The theatrical world, into which she had been thrown, looked for the picture of conjugal passion in a captive of victory. She was too unsophisticated to affect love, when she only felt obedience, timidity, and resignation. Nature will pity, though history may accuse her.

This is a true portraiture of Marie-Louise. I wrote it in her presence ten years afterwards. She had developed, at that period, during her liberty and her widowhood, all the hidden graces of her youth. They wished her to play a part;—the actress was wanting, but the woman remained. History should award her—what the partial verdict of Napoleon's courtiers has refused—pity, tenderness, and grace.

We conclude with the description of NAPOLEON'S abandonment of his empire.

THE DEPARTURE FOR ELBA.

With measured step, and slow, followed by the guard and by his friends, he passed through the long gallery of Francis I. He stood for a moment on the landing of the grand staircase, and looked around on the troops drawn up in the court of the guard of honour, and on the innumerable multitudes, from the surrounding country, which had assembled to witness this grand historical event, that they might recount it to their children. What contending feelings agitated the breasts of that vast crowd, in which there were more accusers than defenders. But the greatness of the fall in some, the sorrow for misfortune in others, a regard to decorum in all, produced an universal silence. Insult at such a moment would have been cowardly,—the cries of "Vive l'Empereur" a mockery. The soldiers themselves experienced a feeling too solemn, of too religious an awe, to think of acclamation; they felt a deep sense of honour in their consciousness of fidelity even in

adverse fortune, and felt that now the sun of their glory was about to set, and with their chief to sink for ever behind the trees of the forest, and the waters of the Mediterranean.

They envied the lot of those of their comrades whom fate or choice had favoured by allowing them to be the companions of their exiled Emperor. Their heads were bowed low, their looks mournful, and tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors. Had the drums been covered with crape it would have appeared like an army performing the obsequies of their general. Napoleon, after casting a martial and penetrating glance at his battalions and squadrons, had in his countenance an expression of tender regard unusual for him. What days of battle, of glory, and of power did not the sight of that army call to his mind? Where now were they who had composed it, when it traversed with him the continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia? How many now remained of those millions in the remnant before his eyes? And yet those few were faithful; and he was going to leave them for ever. The army was himself. When he should no longer behold it, what would he be? He owed all to the sword, and with the sword he had lost all. He hesitated a moment before descending, and seemed as if about to re-enter the palace mechanically.

He rallied, however, and, recovering himself, descended the stairs to approach his soldiers. The drums beat the salute. With a gesture he imposed silence, and, advancing in front of the battalions, he made a sign that he wished to speak. The drums ceased, the arms were still; and the almost breathless silence allowed his voice, re-echoed by the high walls of the palace, to be heard to the remotest ranks.

"Officers, subalterns, and soldiers of my old guard," he said, "I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years have I ever found you walking in the path of honour and of glory. In these latter times, as in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of bravery. With men such as you, our cause would not have been lost; but the war was interminable; it might have been a civil war, and then it would have been worse for France. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of the country. I leave you. . . . Do you, my friends, continue to serve France; her honour was my only thought; it shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers. Grieve not for my lot! If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. . . . Adieu, my children; I would fain embrace you all. . . . Let me at least embrace your general and your colours!"

At these words the soldiers were deeply affected; a shudder ran through the ranks, and their arms quivered. General Petit, who commanded the old guard in the absence of the marshals—a man of martial bearing but of sensitive feelings—at a second signal from Napoleon advanced between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon embraced him for a long time, and the two chieftains sobbed aloud. At this spectacle one stifled sob was heard through all the ranks. Grenadiers brushed away the tears from their eyes with their left hands. "Bring me the eagles," resumed the Emperor, who desired to imprint upon his heart and on these standards the memory of Cæsar. Some grenadiers advanced, bearing before him the eagles of the regiment. He grasped these trophies so dear to the soldier; he pressed them to his breast, and placing his lips to them, exclaimed, in a manly but broken accent, "Dear eagle, may this last embrace vibrate for ever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers! Farewell again, my old companions, farewell!" The whole army burst into tears, and the only reply was one long-continued groan.

An open carriage, in which General Bertrand awaited his master and friend, received the Emperor, who hurried in, and covered his eyes with both his hands. The carriage rolled away towards the first stage of Napoleon's exile.

Memorials of the Empire of Japan. Edited, with Notes, by THOMAS RUNDALL. London: published by the Hakluyt Society.

This is one of the few reprints of forgotten books by Societies devoted to the charitable purpose of raising the dead, for which literature really owes them a debt of gratitude. Of the Empire of Japan we are so little informed by the enterprise of modern travellers, who have almost exhausted the rest of the earth's surface, that for the best account of it we must go back to the pages of a writer who was contemporary with SHAKSPEARE. Mr. THOMAS RUNDALL is actually the most copious, and, it is believed, the most correct authority on the subject of Japan to be found in the libraries, ancient or modern.

The reason is, that the Empire of Japan is

closed against strangers with quite as much jealousy as that of China, to whom it bears a strong affinity in manners, customs, constitution, society, feature, and disposition. In size it is about twice that of Great Britain; like ourselves, insular, lying in the latitude of Italy, and enjoying very much the climate of that portion of Europe; but, nevertheless, just coming within the range of the tropical tornado. In its geographical features, it may be described as a vast group of islands, said to be upwards of 1,000 in number; partly of volcanic, partly of coralline formation; mountainous, with verdant vales and extremely rich slopes and uplands, producing the choicest fruits and vegetables, and abounding in the luxuriance of animal and vegetable life. The climate is said to be upon the whole temperate, with a few very hot days in the height of summer, and, as occasionally, severe cold in winter. It is reported to be remarkably healthy, its worst visitation being the hurricanes, which are very terrible, and earthquakes that have sometimes destroyed whole cities.

Its population is variously estimated, but in the absence of precise data, the result can only be guessed at; the best reports place it at about that of the British Isles, which would make it one-third less thickly populated than the United Kingdom.

The Japanese are a nation of agriculturists, carrying on cultivation with great skill and industry, and employing irrigation to an extraordinary extent. Rice is the principal product, and tea chief food of the people; wheat is not held in much esteem, and barley is grown to feed the cattle. Tobacco occupies a considerable portion of the soil, and is highly taxed, being a primary source of revenue to the Government. The tea plant prospers here, and almost supplies the home demand. Cotton also is grown, but the inhabitants appear as yet to be scarcely conscious of its value as an article of exchange. Could they be made to understand this, and take some pains for its improvement, a very extensive traffic might be established between England and the Japanese Empire, to their mutual benefit.

They carry on but a small commerce, and, indeed, are rather averse to trading. Their mines are productive of the precious metals, but the Government prohibits their exportation, and they can only be smuggled to the foreigner.

Europeans have made continual attempts to find their way into this rich country, and establish settlements there; but they have been always unable to make any permanent progress. The Portuguese first settled there; the Spaniards followed; the natives received them courteously, and even hospitably; permitted them to form trading locations and to send out missionaries. The Government, indeed, appears to be extremely tolerant. Every sect is permitted to preach its own faith, provided it does not disturb the public tranquillity. When permission was asked to establish a Christian church, it was instantly accorded. But their new rival was not so kindly received by the native priests. They continually teased the Emperor to recall the permission he had accorded to the strangers. It is reported that the beneficent Emperor asked of them how many different religions there were in Japan? "Thirty-five," was the reply. "Well," said he, "where thirty-five sects can be tolerated, we can easily bear with thirty-six; leave the strangers in peace."

The history of the rise, progress, decline, and extinction of Christianity in Japan, is extremely curious, but it is much too long for our limits, and we refer the reader, for a copious narrative of it, to the pages before us.

The Dutch followed the Spaniards, but they cared wholly for merchandise, and did not trouble themselves to make converts. They founded a factory at Firando, which they afterwards exchanged for one at Nangasaki. The jealousy and alarm produced by the proceedings of the traders induced the Emperor to send a Commissioner to inquire into their plans and purposes, and in a lecture addressed to them, he relates the history of their Christian predecessors, and thus notices their creed:—

In former times it was well-known to us that you both served Christ, but on account of the bitter enmity you ever bore each other, we imagined there were two Christs. Now, however, the emperor is assured to the contrary. Now he knows you both serve one and the same Christ. From any indication of serving him you must for the future forbear. Moreover, on certain buildings you have newly erected, there is a date carved: which is reckoned from the birth of Christ. These buildings you must rase to the ground, presently.

Mr. ADAMS, whose narrative occupies a considerable portion of this volume, was a native of Gillingham, in Kent, who joined the Dutch service in their first enterprise to Japan. He appears to have recommended himself to the Emperor, who made him a companion and adviser, and it was through his intercession that Europeans received such good treatment. He lived twenty years in Japan, all the time enjoying the favour of the Emperor, and dying, left a will in the Japanese language, which is now upon the files in the India House. Hence the minuteness, the originality, the probable accuracy, and, consequently, the great value of his description of a country of which so little otherwise is or can be known. We take a few desultory specimens from the volume on our table. The severity of the Japanese law is as great as was that of our own code at the period spoken of.

PUNISHMENTS IN JAPAN.

The laws are very strict and full of severity, affording no other kind of punishment, but death, or banishment. Murder, theft, treason, or the violation of any of the emperor's proclamations or edicts, are punished with death; so is adultery also, if it be known, and the parties pursued; but the devil, their master in those actions, hath taught them such cleanly conveyances, that seldom, or never, are they apprehended. They proceed both in controversies and criminal causes according to the verdict of the produced witnesses, and the sentence being once past, they will not revoke or mitigate the severity of it; but if the parties attached have deserved death, they shall surely have it. And for the manner. They are eyther beheaded, or crucified. He kneels down on his knees, and then comes the executioner behind him and cuts off his head with a cutan, or theyre countrie sword; and his head beinge off, the young cavaliers trie their weapons on his limbs, and prove whether they can cut off an arme or lege at a blowe. The other have their armes and leges spread abroad on a crosse; which done, they set the crosse upright in the ground, and then comes one either with a lance, or speare, and runnes the partie through the bodie. There he hangs until he rots off: no man being suffered to take him downe.

And, again,

The eighth (of July, 1613), three Japonians were executed, viz, two men and one woman: the cause this; the woman none of the honestest (her husband beinge traueilled from home) had appointed these two their souerall hoves to repair vnto her. The latter man not knowing of the former, and thinking the time too long; coming in before the houre appointed, found the first man with her already, and enraged thereat, he whipt out his cuttan, and wounded both of them very sorely, hauing very neere hewne the chine of the mans back in two. But as well as he might hee cleared himselfe of the woman, and recouering his cuttan, wounded the other. The street taking notice of the fray, forthwith assaied vpon them, lei them aside, and acquainted King Foyne therewith, and sent to know his pleasure (for according to his will, the partie is executed), who presently gaue order that they should cut off their heads: which done, every man that listed (as every man did) came to trie the sharpnesse of their cattans vpon the corps, so that before they had left off, they had hewne them all three into pieces as small as a mans hand and yet notwithstanding did not then giue ouer but placing the peeces one vpon another, would try how many of them they could strike through at a blow: and the peeces are left to the fowles to deuoure.

We conclude with a description of

THE JAPANESE.

The inhabitants shewe a notable witte, and an incredible patience in sufferinge, labour, and sorrowes. They take greate and diligent care lest, either in worde or deede, they shoulde shewe either feare, or dullnesse of mynde, and lest they should make any man (whosoever he be) partaker of their troubles and wantes. They count exceedinglye honour and prayse; and povertie with them bringeth no dammage to the nobilitie of bloude. They suffer not the least iniurie in the worlde to passe vnrevenged. For gravitie and curtisie they giue not place to the Spainardes. They are generally affable and full of compliments. They are very punctuall in the entertayning of strangers, of whom they will curiously inquire even tryfles of forreyn people, as of their manners, and such like thinges. They will as some lose a limbe as omit one ceremoius in welcoming a friend. They use to give and receive the cup at one the other hands, and before the master of the house begins to drinke, hee will proffer the cup to every one of his guests, making shew to have them to begin. Fish, rootes, and rice are their common junkets, and if they chance to kill a hen, ducke, or pigge, which is but seldome, they will not like charles eat it alone;

but their friends shall be surely partakers of it. The most parte of them that dwell in cyties can write and read. They only studie martiall feates and are delighted in armes. They are far from all avarice, and for that cause detest both dice and all other playe which is for gayne.

The people be fayre and verye comely of shape. The marchantes, although verye riche and wealthye, yet nothinge accompted of there; those that are of nobilitie are greatlye esteemed although they be never so poore. Both men and women goe bareheaded without any difference, both in the sunne and rayne. They washe theyre yonge children in rivers as sone as they are born, and when they are weaned they are taken out of their mothers sight, and are exercised in huntinge and armes. When theyre children once come to fourteene yeares oulde, they wear sword and dagger, and as they be taught, do revenge the least injurye that is offered them.

They have the same kyndes of beastes that we have, both tame and wilde, but they seldome eat any flesh, but that which is taken with huntinge. Indeed they delighte not much in fleshe, they lyve for the most parte with hearbes, fyshe, barley, and ryce; which thinges are their chiefe nowrishments. Their ordinarye drinke is water, and that is made most times hot in the same pot where they seeth their ryce, that so it may receive some thicknesse and substance from the ryce. They have strong wine and rack distill'd of ryce, of which they will sometimes drinke largely, especially at their feasts and meetings, and being moved to anger, or wrath, in the heate of their drinke, you may as sone perswade tigers to patience and quietnesse as them, so obstinate and willfull they are in the furie of their impatience. As concernynge another drinke, they take great delighte in water mingled with a certeine powder which is very pretious, which they call "Chia."

Theire buildynges are for the most parte of tymber, for the mediterranean country hath almost no stone, and it aboundeth with trees very fytt for buildynges, amongst which there are cedars that growe to a marvellous height and bignesse. At Falcata there is a wood of pine trees neere about three mile square, which is all the summer time swept and kept so cleane that you shall hardly see any small twig, bough, or leafe, under the trees, and the trees stand so close together, that you may solace and recreate yourselfe there at all hours of the day without any hurt or heate of the sunne. In the midst of it there is a great pagod, or church, very richly adorned with gilded images, and all sortes of curious carved workes. Yet be they cunninge workers in stone. Ozechia, the most famous castle that the emperor hath, or that is within the empire, is of an extraordinary bignesse, and compassed round with three severall walls. The castle of Edo is likewise walled and moated, having some few ordnance on it. At Crates and Falcata there are likewise castles, both walled and moated; the circumference of each of them beinge neere about two miles. The chiefe noblemen of those kyngdomes have houses within the castle walls to come and live there, either at the king's or their own pleasures. Within each of those castles there is a store-house kept ordinarily full of ryce, which may serve for their provision at all occasions and needs.

Every one may change his name three times: when he is a childe; when he is a young man; and when he is old. Some change their names more often. Every one as he pleaseth may make choyce of his owne name; and they are commonly named either by the king, or else by some noble or great man with whom they are chiefly in favour. They have the use of writing and printing, and have had, the space of many years; no man knowes certainly how long. They have seven sorts of letters, each single letter serving for a word, and many of them in their placing serve for six or seven, and each alphabet hath eight and fortie letters.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Judges of England, with Sketches of their Lives, and Miscellaneous Notices connected with the Courts at Westminster, from the time of the Conquest. By EDWARD FOSS, F.S.A., of the Inner Temple. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longman and Co.

It is but fair towards Mr. FOSS to say that he is not Lord CAMPBELL's imitator, but that he pointed the path which Lord CAMPBELL followed. Mr. FOSS had commenced his *Lives of the Judges* long before the present Lord Chief Justice of England had begun his *Lives of the Chief Justices*. But the work of Mr. FOSS is far more comprehensive than was that of his distinguished rival. He includes all the judges of England; and the extent of the task he has undertaken will be best understood by this fact, that the first eight reigns, which were comprised in the former volumes, witnessed no less than 605 judges.

Of course it would be impossible to go very

minutely into the biographies of so many, and, probably, the materials are not in existence for anything more than brief memorials of all but the most distinguished of the judicial corps. Hence it is that, up to the period to which the volumes already published extend, we find, in fact, rather a biographical chronology, than a collection of biographies, properly so called. Of many, no other information is given than the dates and places of their births and deaths; of most of them, only two or three anecdotes can be collected. When we state that the third volume comprises the histories, so far as known, of some 280, and the fourth of more than 100, the nature of the work will be understood. But this brevity is not due to any want of diligence on the part of the author, but to the inherent defects and difficulties of his subject. As he advances to the periods when the records, public and private, of men and events become more numerous and accurate, the length and the interest of his memoirs will grow, and as these earlier volumes are chiefly valuable for reference, so we expect to find their successors steadily growing in interest for the reader.

The third and fourth volumes now before us embrace the entire period from the reign of EDWARD I. to that of RICHARD III. Mr. FOSS does not limit his plan to any class of judges, but includes those of the Equity as well as of the Common Law Courts, even to the Lord Chancellor; in this, as in the Biographies of the Chief Justices, having the misfortune to be anticipated by "The Lives" of Lord CAMPBELL. As a book for reading, its interest will be found mainly in the curious anecdotes and relics of legal history which are profusely scattered through the volumes, a few specimens of which will amuse our readers, and, perhaps, tempt them to look for more into the pages themselves, where they will be met at every turning of the leaf.

It seems that Pleadings in the Law Courts were conducted in Norman French until nearly 300 years after the Conquest, and was almost the last badge of servitude that was allowed to linger.

The pleadings in the courts had been hitherto carried on in French. But that language was almost entirely unknown to the people in England, who began with justice to complain that their rights, their liberties, and their lives were subject to laws which they could not understand; and that in their suits with each other, they knew not what was said either for or against them "by their sergeants or other pleaders." No possible advantage arising from the continuance of the absurd practice, the king was desirous of granting his people a boon by which they would be materially benefited, and he himself lose nothing; and accordingly, by a statute passed at Michaelmas, 36 Edward III., 1362, c. 15, it was enacted, that from the fifteenth of Hilary then next, all pleas whatever should be pleaded, defended, debated, and judged in the English tongue, but that they should be entered and enrolled in Latin.

Formerly judges were of a very different race from those that now adorn the bench. It is thus recorded of DE WEYLAND—

A CHIEF JUSTICE OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

He succeeded Roger de Seyton as chief justice of the Common Pleas in 6 Edward I, 1278; and had a salary of sixty marks a year. In 11 Edward I. he had a grant of 40*l.* in discharge of his expenses in going through divers counties, as well for taking assizes and inquisitions, as for taking amercements in that and the preceding year.

Fines continued to be levied before him till fifteen days of St. Martin, 17 Edward I., 1289, at the close of which year charges were made against him and the rest of the judges of bribery and corruption in their office. All of them were convicted, except two, and were subjected to large fines. Against Thomas de Weyland, however, a more heinous crime was imputed; that of instigating his servants to commit murder, and then screening them from punishment. After his apprehension he escaped from custody, and, disguising himself, obtained admission as a novice among the friars minors at St. Edmundsbury. On the discovery of his retreat, the sanctuary was respected for the forty days allowed by the law; after which the introduction of provisions into the convent was prohibited. The friars, not inclined to submit to starvation, soon retired, and the fallen judge, finding himself deserted, was compelled to deliver himself up to the ministers of justice, and was conveyed to the Tower. The King's Council gave him the option to stand his trial, to be imprisoned for life, or to abjure the realm. To the latter he was entitled by virtue of his sanctuary, and he chose it. The ceremony consisted of his walking barefoot and bareheaded, with a crucifix in his hand, from his prison to the sea-side, and being placed in the vessel provided

for his transportation. All his property, both real and personal, stated to have been of the value of 100,000 marks, was forfeited to the crown. On May 2, 1290, 18 Edward I., his wife, Margery de Morse, by the hands of her valet, Thomas de Grey, delivered into the Exchequer a forlun with rolls of extracts of the amercements in Banco of several years in different counties. She died in 18 Edward II., being then in possession of lands and tenements in Essex.

Nor did the judges receive the same respect from kings and people. As witness this—

TREATMENT OF THE JUDGES IN THE REIGN OF RICHARD II.

The weakness and extravagance of the king had emptied the treasury, and his favours had been conferred on a set of courtiers who obtained his countenance by encouraging his follies. They gradually acquired so great a portion of the royal power that the nobles became disgusted; while the people complained of the taxes imposed upon them to supply funds which they saw were improperly squandered. This discontent arose to such a pitch, that the Parliament which met in October, 1386, 10 Richard II., not only impeached the Chancellor De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, one of the favourites, but took all the practical business of the state out of the king's hands, by appointing a number of Commissioners by whom all acts were to be done, and the whole expenditure of the kingdom was to be regulated. This ordinance was not only passed into a law, but confirmed by the king's letters patent. The fallen courtiers, and especially the convicted chancellor, advised the king in the following year to resume his authority; and with the intent of enabling him, under the semblance of right, to do so, they took measures to obtain the highest judicial opinion that the ordinance was illegal and derogatory to the king; that the promoters of it were traitors, and liable to the punishment of death; and that the sentence against De la Pole was revocable as contrary to law. Sir Robert Tresilian, the chief justice, who was already devoted to their party, having prepared a series of questions, with answers suitable to the above object, laid them before the judges who had been summoned for the purpose in August, 1387, first to Shrewsbury, and then to Nottingham.

For several years before this period, there had been only one puisne judge of the Court of King's Bench; and I am inclined to think that David Hannemere, who certainly held that office at the end of the previous year, was at this time either dead or dying; for his name does not appear among the judges who were present; and John de Lokton, who was appointed his successor within two months, was the only serjeant-at-law who seems to have been summoned on the occasion. The judges of the Common Pleas were Chief Justice Robert de Beaknap, William de Skipwith, Roger de Fulthorpe, John Holt, and William Burgh; all of whom attended except William de Skipwith, who was either ill at the time, or perhaps, suspecting the object, pretended to be so. The chief baron, Sir John Cary, was the only member of the Court of Exchequer who was present. The other barons were probably not summoned, as we have seen that they were not looked upon as lawyers, nor could they act as judges of assize.

Whether the answers to the questions propounded were voluntarily given by the judges, or were forced from them under threats and fears of violence, as they afterwards alleged in their defence, may, with regard to some of them, admit of question; but all their seals were attached to the document declaring their opinions, which was dated at Nottingham, on August 25. In November the conspiring favourites were appealed of treason by the Duke of Gloucester and four earls; one of the charges against Tresilian and the rest being, that they constrained the judges to subscribe the answers to these questions. The trial of the appeal was put off till the next Parliament, which was fixed to be held on February 2, 1388. Before that day both the chiefs were removed; and on the first day of the session the rest of the judges, except Skipwith, were arrested in open court, and sent prisoners to the Tower.

The proceedings against Tresilian are detailed in a subsequent page. He was condemned to die the death of a traitor, and suffered on February 19. The other judges on March 2 were impeached by the Commons; and, though all of them pleaded constraint, they were convicted and sentenced to death and forfeiture of their property. On the application, however, of the clergy and other peers, their lives were granted to them; but they were all banished to different parts of Ireland, with a prohibition from practising as lawyers, but with an annual allowance for their sustenance, and two servants to attend each.

After the death of the Duke of Gloucester in 21 Richard II., the judgments pronounced against them were reversed in the Parliament which met in January, 1398; and the subserviency of the lawyers to the ruling power was again exhibited, by the chief

justices Walter de Clopton and William Thurning, and Judge Rickhill, confirming, on that occasion, the opinions for which their predecessors had suffered.

Here is an account of a Chancellor of the reign of EDWARD III., famous for his literary taste, and patronage of literary men.

RICHARD DE BURY.

In October, 1331, he went with Anthony de Pesaigne on a mission to the Pope at Avignon, where he formed an intimacy with Petrarch, among his conversations with whom is one relative to the Island of Thule, on which, however, Petrarch complains that the learned ambassador was either unable or unwilling to offer any elucidation. On his return from this embassy, he was sent, with two others, to Cambridge, with a commission to inquire into the conduct and claims of such scholars as were supported in that university by the king's bounty. It was probably during this visit that he became one of the gild of St. Mary's there; to the union of which with that of Corpus Christi the college of the latter name owed its foundation.

On February 20, 1332, he was admitted Dean of Wells; and in the next year was sent again as ambassador to the Pope, by whom he was appointed one of his chaplains. While he was absent on this mission, Lewis Beaumont, Bishop of Durham, died, and the pope used the opportunity at once of exercising his own power, and of gratifying King Edward, by setting aside an election made by the monks of Durham, and placing Richard de Bury in the vacant seat. He received the announcement of his elevation on his journey from Avignon through France, and was consecrated at Chertsey on December 19, 1333; the ceremony being attended by the kings of England and Scotland, and a crowd of nobles and prelates desirous to do him honour.

The king was not satisfied with his obtaining this ecclesiastical dignity: he estimated his ability and his prudence so highly, that he fixed on him to fill the most important offices in the state. He was accordingly constituted treasurer on February 3, 1334, and raised to the chancellorship on September 28 in the same year. Whether he found that he was unqualified for its cares and responsibilities, or that they withdrew him more than he wished from those of his diocese, he resigned the latter office, after holding it less than nine months, on June 6, 1335, when John de Stratford was reappointed. That his retirement was caused by no change of favour with his sovereign, is evident from his being employed in the following and several subsequent years in frequent embassies to France on the subject of the king's claims, an occupation to which his learning and talents were probably more peculiarly fitted. His allowance on these missions was at the rate of five marks a day.

Though frequently absent, he neglected none of the requirements of his diocese. He had the habit of turning all his time to account, and neither his meals nor his travels were spent idly. During the former he was read to by his chaplains, among whom were numbered some of the most celebrated men of the day; and afterwards he discussed with them the various subjects suggested by the reading. During the latter he occupied himself in forming what became the largest library in Europe, the possession of which was one of his greatest glories, as its accumulation formed his chief delight. He spared no expense in securing the most curious and valuable manuscripts, and speaks with evident glee of the motives which influenced the donors of some, and of the difficulties he had to overcome in obtaining others. The stores he had thus collected he bequeathed to the students of Durham (since called Trinity) College, in Oxford; being the first public library that was founded in that university; and in his work called *Philobiblon* he not only gives instructions for its management, but endeavours to excite a love of literature and a taste for the liberal arts.

His own devotion to books may be estimated by the language he uses regarding them:—"Illi sunt magistri qui nos instruunt sine virgula et ferula, sine verbis et colera, sine pane et pecunia. Si accedis non dormiunt, si inquiris non se abscondunt, non remurmurant si oberres, cachinos nesciunt si ignores."

His ardour in their pursuit did not end with their attainment. He read and used them; and he relates that the first Greek and Hebrew grammars that ever appeared in England were derived from his labours. He encouraged the acquaintance and assisted the inquiries of all learned and intelligent men, and never enjoyed himself so fully as in the pleasures of their conversations; and his understanding was so cultivated, his wit so piercing, and his spirit of inquiry so eager, that few subjects were beyond his genius and penetration.

His virtues and his charities were equal to his talents and learning. He was beloved by his neighbours, with whom he lived on terms of reciprocal affection; to his clergy he was an indulgent superior; to his tenants and domestics a considerate master. He was most bountiful

to the poor, distributing eight quarters of wheat every week for the relief of those around him, and never omitting in his journeys to appropriate large sums for the indigent in those places through which he passed.

The memory of few names, and of none in that age, is more endeared than that of Richard de Bury. He closed his useful life, in the 54th year of his age, at his palace of Auckland, on April 24, 1345, and was interred in his cathedral. His income was so much exhausted by his liberality that his representatives at his death found little to divide.

His *Philobiblon* has been several times printed; the first time in 1473, the last in 1703: an English translation was published by the late Mr. Rodd in 1832.

We anticipate from the succeeding volumes a rich store of information and much agreeable reading, and shall expect them with impatience. If Mr. Foss could find so much where so little has been preserved, how much more may not be expected from him when his resources shall be more abundant?

Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest. By AGNES STRICKLAND. A New Edition, revised and greatly augmented. In 8 vols. Vol. II. London: Colburn and Co.

We have already introduced to our readers this new, greatly improved, and yet much cheapened edition of one of the most interesting, original, and popular historico-biographical works in our own language. We understand that the success of this enterprise has exceeded the most sanguine expectation. We ventured to prophecy that thousands would desire to possess this work, if it were brought within their means. It has so proved. Few houses that have a book-case will be without it. The typography is beautiful; a portrait is presented of every one of the Queens whose life is recorded. This second volume contains nine biographies; namely, of ISABELLA of Valois, second queen of RICHARD II.; JOANNA of Navarre, queen of HENRY IV.; KATHERINE of Valois, queen of HENRY V.; MARGARET of Anjou, queen of HENRY VI.; ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, queen of EDWARD IV.; ANNE of Warwick, queen of RICHARD III.; ELIZABETH of York, queen of HENRY VII.; and KATHARINE of Arragon, and ANNE BOLEYN, queens of HENRY VIII. The character of this work is too well known to need description or recommendation.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Para; or, Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon. By JOHN ESAIAS WARREN. New York: Putnam. 1851.*

MR. WARREN, a young gentleman of this city, bent upon the novelty and instruction of foreign travel, one day, or rather one evening, he does not tell us exactly when, found himself in equatorial regions entering the spacious river of the Amazons. Para, the northern pendant to Buenos Ayres, was his destination, bound thither for health, he tells us, and the pursuits of natural history—the latter being one of those agreeable incidents of the place which converts the empty amusement of sporting into the dignity of a scientific pursuit. You shoot monkeys, you devastate flocks of ibis and herds of toucan and flamingoes, you pickle centipedes,—thinking all the while you are engaged in an honourable and influential employment—and you talk of your relaxations in a hammock, or under a verandah, the luscious fruit of your orchard and your bath in the stream as if you had acquired a right to indulgence by extraordinary and meritorious exertions.

We should think, from Mr. WARREN's sketches, that life at the equator is a perpetual holiday. Paradise was but a symbol of Para. You are enveloped in a genial atmosphere "of such exceeding purity, so aromatic with the incense of flowers, of such delicious blandness, that it is truly a luxury to breathe it." Consumption is not the disease of the tropics; you may be carried off however, we presume, by a bilious fever. Everything that is gorgeous and superb in the animal or vegetable creation

* For this notice of a recent American work we are indebted to the editor of the *New York Literary World*.

is about you. The traveller riots in the midst of superfluous life and colour. The birds flit across the vision like the colours of the kaleidoscope, and even the maidens, divested of the pallor of the north, bloom a warm, moist olive.

Mr. WARREN was entertained liberally by the American and Scottish merchants at Para. There are no hotels in the place, though it has a population of fifteen thousand. An old gentleman, the father of a quondam fellow-pupil on the Hudson, puts at the disposal of the traveller a rural seat, on the edge of the city—the Roscenia de Nazere—with unlimited privilege of fruity garden, wood, water, and animal and insect life in abundance. Sketches of residence at this spot, with some island and river episodes, fill up the most pleasing portion of the volume. There is a little interest, too, about the attendants, “old Vincenti” and his black MARIA, the hunter Iraquim, and a faint attempt, repeated at intervals throughout the book, with rather indifferent success to get up a “Fayaway,” after the style of the romantic HERMON MELVILLE. All travellers in the tropics are bound henceforth, it would appear, to be voluptuous, and as inquisitive of the garments or no garments of beauty, as a cold-blooded New England editor discussing the Bloomer costume. There is, of course, a truth in local description, to be observed equally by the narrator at the poles or the equator, and a sevenfold enveloped Esquimaux and a thinly-cinctured Marquesan are alike matters of fact and propriety. The author may play the part, however, either of a respectable narrator, or a titillating theatrical ballet-master.

There is no lack of good company at Para. The priests, those merry fellows, are ringing bells for you all day long, and at due intervals, for the repose of the faculties, contriving feasts, fasts, and processions, variously adapted to the complicate nature of man. Here is something of

THE PENSEROSO.

The most mysterious of the different festivals of Para is the “Festa dos Ossos,” or festival of bones. This singular celebration, as we understood, was not of annual occurrence, but only took place once in a certain number of years.

On the day of its observance, the cathedral is brilliantly illuminated with lighted candles, which are kept burning from morning until night. In the centre of the church a monumental platform is erected especially for this occasion, which is overhung by a dark tapestry of expensive material, embroidered along its margin with gold and silver fringe. Upon this mausoleum is placed an immense coffin! This is shrouded with a rich drapery of black crape, hanging down in profuse folds on either side.

During the day the cathedral is filled with persons who come to gaze upon this strange spectacle, and to render homage to the consecrated shrine of the departed!

About dusk, a body of penitents, dressed in the coarsest garments, repair to the burying-ground of the poor, where they disinter a quantity of bones, which they bring with them into the city. Forming themselves into a procession, they march along through the streets of the city in regular file, each one of them bearing a blazing torch in one hand, and a naked bone in the other. Should a stranger accidentally meet this spectral procession in some unfrequented avenue, he would almost be led to believe that he had encountered a party of cannibals returning from some horrid rite or feast of human flesh.

Having arrived at the cathedral, the penitents enter, and a religious ceremony is performed. This being concluded, each one ascends the platform and casts his bone into the coffin. A hymn follows—then a prayer—and this wonderful festival is ended!

And as an offset to this gloomy bit of melodrama, take the Carnival farce of

INTRUDING-DAY.

On “Intruding-Day,” every one is permitted to assail whomsoever he pleases, with such articles as are accustomed to be used on this occasion. The most innocent of these are small waxen balls called “cabacinhas,” being about equal to a hen’s egg in size, and filled with perfumed water. For some time previous to the day in question, black-eyed damsels may be seen parading the streets, with large trays on their uncovered heads, laden with these sportive missiles, glistening with their gay colours of azure and crimson and gold. They are sold

for a penny apiece, and everyone lays in a stock of them, in preparation for the approaching carnival.

On the morning of this remarkable anniversary, all the balconies of the different mansions are fortified with frolicsome damsels, who keep up an indiscriminate warfare with their cabacinhas, against all who lucklessly attract their attention in the street. But the sport is not entirely confined to the innocent waxen balls. As the excitement increases, basins, syringes, and even pails and tubs of water are called into requisition. Everyone is assaulted, but no one pretends to take offence. Should a person do so, ten to one that he would be seized and most unceremoniously ducked into a hogshead of water, until his foolish ire was somewhat abated. This has been done in several instances.

Headless of all consequences, J. and myself rashly ventured into the streets for the purpose of witnessing the sport. Cabacinhas were flying in all directions, syringes were filling the air with glittering spray, while basins and dippers and pails, wielded by female hands, were pouring their watery contents with marvellous assiduity upon the devoted heads of the unfortunate passers-by.

We by no means escaped unscathed; on the contrary, in less than half an hour we were as thoroughly drenched as if we had been taking a bath in the river with our clothes on. But don’t imagine, fond reader, that we bore all this with the patience of a Job, or the humility of an anchorite. No such thing! Eagerly we rushed into the thickest of the fray, throwing our cabacinhas with skill, wherever a pretty face presented itself. Peeping through a half-open lattice, I perceived a lovely young damsel luxuriantly reclining in her hammock, her long sable tresses hanging in wavy masses over her pretty face and olive-mantled bosom. She appeared to be in a gentle slumber, and the magic smile that still played around her rosy lips, nearly disarmed me of my intended purpose.

But my determination was made, and it was now too late to retreat. So, delicately tossing one of my cabacinhas into the apartment, it broke upon the cheek of the charming maiden; jumping up hurriedly in her fright, she rushed at once to the window, and in an instant her stag-like eyes were fixed upon me as the heartless assailant. Transfixed with guilt, and enraptured at the sight of her beauty, my heart rebuked me for the deed I had committed, and I felt half resolved to make atonement for my crime; but just at this moment, a well-charged ball, from the hand of the maiden herself, almost blinded my left eye, and suddenly banished the idea from my mind.

The most formidable of all the belligerents was a certain widow lady, who had, from a lofty balcony, been pouring down pails of water upon the heads of all who passed below. Bent on revenge, a young man who had been near drowned by this virago, entered her house, with his pockets full of cabacinhas. He was *white*, surely, when he entered that fatal house, but when he came out, his complexion was as dark as that of the raven’s wing.

Another adventure with the sex seems to have been hardly more successful:—

TERESA AND FLORANA.

Among our olive-complexioned neighbours were two young girls, whose fine forms and pretty faces especially elicited our admiration. The one was named Teresa, the other Florana. The former could not have been more than fourteen years of age, and was rather short in stature, with exquisitely rounded arms, and a bust already of noble development; the latter was somewhat taller, and at least three years older; they had both, however, attained their full size. Animated as they were beautiful, they were always overflowing with vivacity and life; their conversation, which was incessant, was like the chirping of nightingales, and their laughter dulcet as murmuring streams. These, then, beloved reader, were, during our stay at least, decidedly the belles of Jungal.

At the close of everyday we were visited by all the juveniles in the place, who, in their own sweet tongue, bade us “adieu,” and at the same time besought our blessing, which latter request we only answered by patting them gently on the head.

The pretty maidens we have just alluded to, instead of shaking hands with us, were accustomed to salute us at eventide with a kiss on either cheek. The propriety of this we at first doubted, but the more we reflected upon the sweetness and innocence of the damsels, the more inclined were we to pardon them. It must be borne in mind, however, that this was a sacred custom of the place, which it would have been considered, to say the least, great rudeness in us to have resisted, and to tell the truth we were not at all so inclined. Therefore, kind reader, do not judge us too severely; for know, O chary one! that extreme bashfulness and modesty have always been considered two of our principal failings!

One day Teresa and Florana invited us to take a bathe with them in the stream. This we declined point-blank. They then charged us with fear of alligators. This was a poser: our *courage* was now called in question, and we were literally *forced* to submit. Pray what else could we have done under the circumstances?

When they had once got us into the water the maidens took ample revenge upon us for the uncourteous manner with which we had at first treated their request. In less than ten minutes we cried lustily for quarter, but no quarter would they give us, inasmuch that we were somewhat apprehensive of being drowned by them, to say nothing of being devoured by bloodthirsty alligators.

Of the numerous Natural History pictures, this is not the least impressive. As we say men of business, here are some

ANTS OF BUSINESS.

Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf of the size of a sixpence in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves, and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching, laden with the leaves.

Mr. Kidder states that some years ago the ants entered one of the convents at Maranhão, who not only devoured the drapery of the altars but also descended into the graves beneath the floor and brought up several small pieces of linen from the shrouds of the dead; for this offence the friars commenced an ecclesiastical prosecution, the result of which, however, we did not ascertain. Mr. Southey says, in relation to these destructive insects, “that having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, they were not only excommunicated from the Roman Catholic church, but were sentenced by the friars to a place of removal within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth. The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young and all their stores!”

Out of this talk about parrots may, perhaps, be derived

A SUGGESTION FOR BARNUM.

“This is one of the prettiest paroquets I ever saw,” said J., taking up one of the birds in his hands; “its plumage is so delicate, its shape so symmetrical, and besides I think I never saw a parrot with a more agreeable physiognomy.”

“It is exceedingly pretty,” I replied, “and very much resembles the one which Anzevedo has alive. Is it not astonishing how much he is attached to that little bird? He feeds it as regularly as he takes his own meals, and seems to delight in playing with it upon his finger. I have no doubt that that bird engrosses more of his affection than any human being gifted with an immortal soul. Why is it? It must and can only be because he has good reason to distrust the latter; he knows that the love and gratitude of this little creature are sincere. The true friendship of our inferiors is far better and more desirable than the selfish and hypocritical concern of those who are far above us.”

“A fig for your sentimentalism,” said J.; “don’t you remember that famous parrot of Senhor P—’s, in the city? What a feathered prodigy he is! Why, I’ve heard him jabber off Portuguese by the hour, and converse much more fluently than either of us are able to do at this moment.”

“Oh, yes, I remember the bird well; he is a very large specimen, and was brought down from the Rio Negro, I believe. I heard him repeat one day several verses of poetry, and was astonished beyond measure: he is a perfect ornithological miracle, and would make his fortune by visiting foreign parts. His voice is softer than that of any other I ever saw, and his laughter is as melodious as that of a young girl.”

“I have heard marvellous accounts of the longevity of parrots,” continued J. “One is mentioned by Le Vaillant, the distinguished French naturalist, as having lived in a state of domesticity for nearly ninety years. When seen by this celebrated individual, it was in its dotage, having lost both its sight and memory. In its younger days it had been remarkable for its loquacity, and was so obliging in its disposition as to call the servants, and fetch its master’s slippers, whenever required.”

“This was certainly a wonderful bird,” I replied; “but far inferior in point of talent to one carried to England some years ago by one Colonel O’Kelly. This

bird was not only a wonder, but a perfect miracle, and was sold to a certain nobleman for a hundred guineas. Improbable as it may seem, it is said that this bird was able to express his desires in an apparently rational manner, and also to sing a number of songs in excellent tune and time. It is further recorded, that if in whistling an air it accidentally passed over any note, it would soon return to the bar where the oversight occurred, and complete the tune with astonishing accuracy. Such birds, however, as this, are *extremely rare!*"

"You may well say they are rare," responded J., "but you will forgive my incredulity, I hope, when I say that I don't believe such an accomplished parrot ever existed. The bird might have been remarkable for his colloquial imitations, but the account of his musical powers is hugely exaggerated; besides, I don't believe a bird can be susceptible of a rational idea."

"You are perfectly at liberty to disbelieve what you will," I seriously answered, "respecting the mental capacity of birds; but I have heard much more extraordinary stories of their powers than that I have just mentioned to you, and based on good authority too. Gesner gravely relates that two nightingales kept at Ratisbon spent whole nights in discoursing on politics; and Pliny himself states that Germanicus and Drusus educated one so perfectly, that it delivered speeches both in Latin and Greek!"

There is a want of weight and solidity in Mr. WARREN's sketches; some of them are "too trifling for insertion," but the subject is a novel one to the generality of readers, and in the growing interest of the region, and it is being gradually approached by Americans straggling beyond the line of Panama. "Para" is a pleasant book for summer reading, and travellers to Saratoga and Trenton may profitably pocket a copy. There is somehow great delight in reading of tropical regions, with your own thermometer at ninety.

Service Afloat and Ashore, during the Mexican War. By Lieut. RAPHAEL SEMMES, U.S.N.; late Flag Lieutenant of the Home Squadron, and Aid-de-Camp of Major General WORTH in the battles of the Valley of Mexico. Cincinnati: W.H. Moore & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam and M. H. Newman.

IN a handsome octavo illustrated with views of places and battles, and bearing on its back a wreath which significantly incloses a "foul anchor" and a canon—emblematic of the twofold service of the author, Lieut. SEMMES, "flag lieutenant" of the Home Squadron, and volunteer Aid-de-Camp to General WORTH, has given us his "experiences" of the Mexican War Afloat and Ashore. Attached to the Gulf Squadron at the breaking out of the war; in command of the unfortunate *Somers* at the time of her loss; "flag lieutenant" of *The Raritan* during the Siege of Vera Cruz; a witness and participant in all the battles of the Valley of Mexico; it must be confessed that the young sailor has enjoyed a rare opportunity of seeing sights and of smelling gunpowder.

Sailors are said to be persons of strong prejudices. And it is no small praise to the author to say that we have never read a history evidently so fairly written with regard to the merits of the numerous claimants of military glory.

The main incidents of the war are familiar to all, and avoiding them, we shall take our soldier and sailor out of the ranks and see what he has to tell us of a more amusing nature than battle-fields.

In the old world the line of demarcation between the upper and lower classes of society is clearly and broadly drawn, but in America it has ever been dim and badly defined. Our Lieutenant, however, discovered in the city of Lagaira del Carmen a new

DISTINCTION BETWEEN ARISTOCRATS AND PLEBEIANS.

I recollect, on my first visit, being highly amused at the distinctions the simple natives drew at the door of the theatre, to regulate the price of admission. The population was divided into two parts, the aristocrats and the plebeians; the former included those who were

shoes, and the latter those who went barefoot. An aristocrat's ticket (it matters not whether he were with or without stockings, as in the case of a lady this might have been a delicate point to inquire into) was two reals (twenty-five cents), while that of a plebeian was only half the sum.

That Santa Anna completely humbugged our government is well known, but the history of it has not been as well told as our author gives it. We extract

SANTA ANNA PASSING THE AMERICAN FLEET.

Early in August, while the squadron was lying at anchor under Green Island, keeping watch and ward over the enemy's city and castle of Vera Cruz, the seaman on the look-out, at the mast-head of the *St. Mary's*, then cruising on the blockade, descried the smoke of a steamer. As this was not the regular day for the appearance of any of the English mail steamers—which had been permitted to pass in and out of the beleaguered port without question, the English government pledging itself for their faithful conduct as neutrals—the smoke of a steamer was a novelty, in this now lonely and deserted part of the Mexican gulf. The *St. Mary's*, in due time, placed herself in a position to intercept the stranger in her approach to the city, and as the latter came up within hailing distance, she ordered her to "heave to," while a boat was being sent on board of her. The boat being in readiness in a few minutes, a lieutenant jumped into her, and with a few strokes of his oars from the sinewy arms of his seamen, placed himself alongside the steamer. The steamer being evidently a merchant vessel, the lieutenant was surprised to find himself received with much ceremony and courtesy at the gangway. Making his way on deck, and explaining the object of his visit to the captain, he was conducted to the cabin, where he was ushered into the society of a circle of gentlemen, evidently Spaniards or Mexicans, from their olive complexions, black hair and eyes, and pointed and curled moustachios. It was obvious also, at the first glance, that most, if not all these gentlemen, although dressed in plain or citizens' clothes, were military men and persons of bearing and distinction. After a moment's pause, the captain, as though he had purposely prepared a surprise for the boarding officer, turned towards him and making a graceful motion with his right hand at the same time, in the direction of one of the gentlemen, who, though of the ordinary height and figure, seemed by his commanding air and manner to be the chief of the party, said, "Allow me to present you, sir, to General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna!" The officer started back at first in a little surprise, but soon recovering himself, advanced cordially towards the General, and extending his hand, a mutual interchange of civilities took place. In a few moments Senora Santa Anna (a second wife), a handsome blonde, with deep blue eyes and auburn hair, and still in the bloom of early womanhood, joined the party and was presented to the officer, who saluted her in turn with becoming gallantry and respect. General Almonte, late minister to the United States, was also present as one of the General's suite, and speaking our language well, acted as interpreter on the occasion. General Santa Anna having explained briefly who he was—although such explanation was entirely unnecessary—and that he purposed going into Vera Cruz, with the permission of the Commodore, the boarding officer, after sitting as long as courtesy required, and perhaps a little longer than a strict regard to duty permitted, in homage to the lady's charms—a petticoat being quite an unusual sight to us rough blockaders, about this time—withdrew to report "progress" to his commanding officer, and to ask for orders in the novel case which had occurred. The commander, who had been prepared by the commodore for the contingency, forthwith despatched the boat back again, and directed the officer at the same time that he should present his compliments to General Santa Anna, and say to him, on the part of the commodore, that "he could proceed to Vera Cruz with his suite as he desired;" whereupon the steamer *Arab* shot boldly out from under the lee of the blockading vessel, and in an hour or two more, landed her distinguished passenger, "big with the fate" of Mexico, safely in the desired haven. That night the roar of cannon, and the bursting of rockets in the air, testified the joy of the fickle Vera Cruzanos at the return of their lost Coriolanus; and it soon transpired that the wily peace-maker, who had so handsomely duped our cabinet at Washington, had put himself at the head of the ultra war party, and proclaimed, in common with Acting-President Salas, whom he hastened to join, "no quarter to the Yankees."

The Lieutenant—determined to have a hand in everything—of course is found on shore at Vera Cruz; and in describing what he saw there, gives us a very graphic

NIGHT SCENE.

The novelty of my position, and the excitement of

the scene around me—the engineers working away at our sand-bags like so many spectres, by the starlight, the sentinel at a little distance pacing his solitary round, and the sailors collected in small groups discoursing *sotto voce*, but not so *sotto* either but that every now and then "d—n my eyes" could be heard—prevented me from sleeping. Perhaps, after all, a little sensation of nervousness, occasioned by the thought of being set up, on the morrow, to be shot at by these batteries, had more to do with my wakefulness than at the time I was willing to confess to myself. In the early part of the night, the walls of the city abreast of us, and on our right, were brilliantly illuminated by the burning of some sheds and other buildings in the suburbs; no doubt fired by the Mexicans themselves, to unmask new pieces, which they were placing in position to oppose us. About midnight I wandered to a small eminence, in the neighbourhood of our battery, to look forth upon the scene. It was perfectly calm. The fleet at Sacrificios was just visible through the gloom, and was sleeping quietly at its anchors, without other sign of life than a solitary light burning at the gaff-end of the commodore. The castle of San Juan de Ulloa, magnified out of all proportions by the uncertain starlight, and looking ten times more sombre and defiant than ever, appeared to enjoy equal repose. Even the sea seemed to have gone to sleep, after the turmoil of the recent norther, as the only sound that reached the ear from that direction, was a faint, very faint murmur, hoarse and plaintive, as the lazy swell, with scarcely energy enough to break, stranded itself on the beach. The cricket and the catydid, and myriads of other insects—the south is the land of insects—chirruped in a sort of inharmonious melody, reminding one of his far-off home, and of fire-side scenes. But if nature was thus inclined to repose, man was not, for Death still held his carnival within the walls of the beleaguered city. Those horrid mortars of ours were in "awful activity." The demons incarnate, all begrimed with powder and smoke, who served them at this midnight hour, having received a fresh supply of shells and ammunition, since the lull of the norther, seemed to redouble their energies, to make up for their lazy day's work of yesterday. They gave the doomed city no respite, not even for a single moment, as the air was never without its tenant, winging its way on its errand of death. I sat and watched those missiles for an hour and more; and I shall never forget the awful scream, apparently proceeding from several female voices, which came ringing on the night air, as one of those terrible engines of destruction exploded—carrying death and dismay, no doubt, to some family circle. No sight could have been more solemn and impressive—the imagination dwelling all the while on the awful tragedy which was being enacted—than the flight of those missiles through the air. The night was just dark enough to admit of their burning fuses being seen, as they traced those beautiful parabolas, peculiar to this kind of projectile. And then the awful precision with which they would explode, called forth my constant admiration. They seemed to be hid but a single second or less, behind the dark curtain of the city walls, before the terrible explosion—reverberated and magnified, as it passed through the streets, by the walls of the houses—would almost stun the ear—I was only seven hundred yards off, and the humidity of the atmosphere was highly favourable to the passage of sound. Occasionally, several would be in the air at the same time—I counted as high as five on one occasion—chasing each other like playful meteors, and exploding in quick succession, like a *feu de joie*.

War has its humorous phases, it appears, and though it may indeed seem to be exciting a laugh "from the ribs of death," yet we think a smile will be provoked by the following:

"About this time an accident occurred which had well-nigh put an end to our breaching operations in the navy battery. The castle, which, as I have remarked, had been shelling us at intervals, threw one of its thirteen inch bombs with such precision that it lighted on the sand, not more than five paces in the rear of one of the guns. At about this distance in the rear of each piece we had stationed a quarter-gunner, with a small copper tank, capable of holding eight or ten charges of powder—each charge weighing about ten pounds. The shell falling near one of these petty officers, he turned upon hearing a noise behind him—he had not seen the shell fall—and finding a monstrous cannon ball there, as he thought, mechanically put his hand upon it. Finding it hot, it at once occurred to him what it was. It was too late to run, and in consternation of the moment, like a drowning man who will grasp at a straw; he doubled himself up in a heap, and attempted to burrow himself, head foremost, in the sand, like an ostrich. All this occurred in the space of a second, and in a moment more the shell exploded, with the noise of a thousand pieces of artillery, shaking the battery like an earthquake, and covering the officers and seamen with clouds of dust and sand. Our fire was suspended for a

* For this notice of a new American book we are indebted to the Editors of *The New York Literary World*.

moment, and when the smoke had cleared off sufficiently to enable us to distinguish objects, every officer looked around him in breathless anxiety, expecting to behold the blackened corpses and mutilated limbs of half his comrades at least. Strange to say, not a soul was hurt. Lient. Hailey had his hat badly wounded by a fragment of the shell, which carried away one half of its rim. Even the quarter-gunner, who on such a short notice found it impossible to get down into the sand, and who besides had had his copper tank blown up, with forty or fifty pounds of powder in it, had escaped unhurt—the fragments fortunately rising into the air, instead of spreading laterally.

The Lieutenant not being well up in the mysteries of "long shore" navigation, takes a young sailor with him as pilot and *compagnon de voyage*. The latter's exploits at the battle of Churubusco are thus recounted:

SEYMOUR'S PERFORMANCES.

And now in imitation of other chiefs, I must not forget to bring to the notice of the reader my "personal staff." Seymour, arrayed in his tarpaulin hat, with about three yards of ribbon around it, and with his pea-jacket buttoned up to his chin—he always wore this garment because it had capacious pockets for the convenience of stowing away *menavelins*—girded *taut* around the waist by a flaming red sash, and mounted on a rough-looking Mexican poney, which was in the habit of having a fight with him, and throwing him every twenty-four hours, was sometime visible and sometimes invisible; taking a fancy, every now and then, to make an independent cruise to see what was going on in other parts of the field, in order, as he said, that we might "put it down all right" in the log-book. He swears he killed two Mexicans with his own hand—but he adds that, being but "bloody grey-jackets," he considers them of small consequence. I can testify, with more certainty, to his having pried my horse out of a ditch into which I had fallen chin-deep in water while attempting to leap it, with a fence rail, which he called a capstan-bar; and to his having gotten hold, by some of those means which sailors only know, of a pocket full of *puros*, and a flask of *aguardiente*; and that the *aguardiente* was not "bad to take" after a hard day's ride.

After sailing about the Gulf, and cruising from Vera Cruz to Mexico and back again with our author, we have arrived at the conclusion that he is as pleasant a companion as one might desire upon a similar journey, and so commend him to the favour of the reading world.

Fraser's Travelling Map of Ireland is a large and carefully prepared map of that country, showing all the roads and objects of interest, and no person should travel there without having this excellent guide in his pocket.

FICTION.

The Tutor's Ward. A Novel. By the Author of "Wayfaring Sketches," &c. In 2 vols. London: Colburn & Co.

We are always pleased to welcome the courage that sets custom at defiance, when it presumes to prescribe the boundaries of a work of fiction. Why should a novel consist of precisely three volumes, neither more nor less? What magic is there in the number? Wherefore should it be affirmed that the narrative of a life, from youth to marriage, always the finale of a fiction, must neither exceed nor fall short of 900 pages? Why must a young gentleman and lady submit to a certain series of loves, fears, disappointments, and despairs before happiness is permitted to come to them, and to remain with them ever after? Wherefore is it that all our interest in a hero and heroine is supposed to end when they return from church man and wife? Is it that in the estimation of novelists, the bachelor and the spinster are the poetry of life?—the husband and his partner the prose? Unriddle, if you can, reader, this strange philosophy of fiction?

Here is an author who has fairly emancipated himself from one of the weightiest of the shackles of custom. He has adventured a novel in two volumes, and successfully, for he has proved that a plot of profound interest can be as easily developed in 600 as in 900 pages. Having prospered thus far, might we not hope that he may be tempted on the next occasion to a yet more daring innovation upon established rules, and construct a plot that shall be new in its whole design?

Surely, the tragedy, comedy, and even the sentiment of life are not limited to love affairs. The police reports, a court of law, or a County Court would yield, in a single day, more genuine material for fiction than all the thousand times repeated incidents that fill the circulating library. Let our author take the heart and try it.

He has the capacity. *The Tutor's Ward* is cleverly conceived and effectively written. STEPHEN AYLMER, placed between two loves, with duty tempting him one way, passion the other, and both MILLICENT and JULIET devoted to him, is drawn with a vigorous hand, yet without ever running into coarseness, or offending by any appearance of impropriety. The opposite characters of the two young ladies is always portrayed with singular delicacy of discrimination, proving the artist to be a master of, at least, one of the primary qualifications of his craft. The intensity of passion in JULIET, her selfishness, her devotion to pleasure, her confidence in the mastery of her own charms over all who come within their influence, are described with a spirit and energy not often found in modern English fiction, whose besetting sin is *tameness*.

How the passionate nature of the one woman contrived to snatch the object of their common adoration from the arms of the other, in despite of faith and duty, and the terrible avengement of that crime in the moment of its fruition, must be sought in the volumes; which we commend to the thousands who are now rushing from towns and streets to sea-shores and country solitudes. It is just the sort of work to enliven the dull hours of so changed an existence.

Tales of the Mountains; or, Sojourns in Eastern Belgium. In 2 vols. London: Pickering, 1851.

Two stories are comprised in these volumes, entitled respectively *The Mountain Home*, and *The Prophetess of Embourg*. Of these we much prefer the latter. It is in better taste—it is more pleasantly written—it is more interesting. The first is, indeed, singularly deformed by vulgarisms, most frequently put into the mouths of speakers, but sometimes employed when the author speaks in his own proper person. In *The Prophetess of Embourg*, however, we find a great deal of poetry, much pathos, and a story that absorbs the attention, although needlessly larded with French phrases, which are only permissible when an equivalent expression is not to be had in our own language. This piebald composition is, indeed, simply an affectation, and should never be noticed without a rebuke. Why should a Belgian peasant speak a mosaic half-English, half-French? If the author thinks it necessary to translate a part of a sentence, why does he not translate the whole of it? Seeing the second part of the title, *Sojourns in Eastern Belgium*, we anticipated some revelations of Belgian social life; manners, and modes of thought. But we have been unable to find anything that has the aspect of novelty in this particular.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The First of May; a New Version of a celebrated modern Ballad. By ANNA HARRIET DRURY. London: Pickering, 1851. pp. 16.

Tryphena, and other Poems. By JOHN W. FLETCHER. London: Pickering, 1851. pp. 127.

The City of the Desert, and other Poems. By OXONIENSIS. Printed for private circulation. 1851. pp. 77.

Hours of Solitude, and Sempronius. By M. FRANKLIN. London: Saunders and Otley. 1851. pp. 77.

Patriotism. Translated from the Slavonic by A. H. WRATISLAW, A.M. London: Whittaker and Co., 1851. pp. 20.

The First of May is a lively and good-hearted trifle, MACAULAY'S *Horatius* set to the tune of "the Meeting of the Nations" in Hyde Park. The parody (we use the word in no invidious sense), is kept up neatly, and, in passages, with as much closeness as could well be expected. It may be looked on as a contribution to the cordiality of 1851; and will leave none but kind thoughts behind, when it shall have lived out its day with spirit. We need say no more by way of preface to a specimen:

The Prince and the Commission
A weary life they led:
No time had they for dining,
And rather less for bed.
They couldn't choose a building,
They couldn't find a site:
And our good Queen Victoria
Grew tired—as well she might.

For good advice in pamphlets,
And prophecies in calf,
And groans to make him shudder,
And sneers to make him laugh,
And hints and threats and warnings,
Plan, diagram, and view;
Choked up the Prince's davenport,
And filled his pockets too.

I wis, in all the Palace
There was no heart so bold,
But wished himself well out of it,
And felt that *us* was sold.
Up rose at length Prince Albert,
Up rose the whole Commission,
And at the footstool of the throne
They laid the Exhibition.

Just then burst in a messenger,
With cold sweat on his brow:
"Look here, look here, my gracious Prince!
They say there'll be a row!"
Upon the fatal newspaper
Prince Albert turned his eye,
And saw a night of wretchedness
Darken his sunny sky.

And plainly and more plainly
He heard the words of doom,
When all the year's expenses
Are checked by Joseph Hume;
And the outcry of the Journals,
And the angry people's hisses,
And his loving consort's mild reproof,
"You know whose doing this is!"

And the Prince's voice was sad,
And dim his eye of blue:
"It's come to this, my gracious wife,
We don't know what to do!
There's not a soul contented;
The tickets will not sell;
And now the papers prophesy
Such things I fear to tell!

The French will spoil our morals,
The Russians cheat and *knout* us—
They'll haunt us like mosquitoes,
Like snakes they'll twine about us—
The Chartist and the Communist.
Will hand in hand combine,
And break the Crystal Palace
About your head and mine!"

Then out spake Queen Victoria,
And brightly glanced her eye:
"I never heard such nonsense!
I only wish they'd try!
Don't mind those vile reports, dear—
'Twill all come right, you'll see:
Just keep the workmen moving,
And leave the rest to me!

I'll order out the carriage,
My royal robes I'll wear,
And though the crowd be millions deep,
No matter—I'll be there!
And in the face of rough John Bull,
Whate'er he means to do,
I'll smile until he smiles again,
And gives a cheer for you!

There'll be some foolish people there,
Indeed, where are they not?
Perhaps they'll throw a stone or two,
Or fire a little shot:
They never hit me yet, dear,
Except upon my bonnet;
So don't persuade me not to go—
I've set my heart upon it!

Unpack the parcels, gentlemen,
As quickly as ye may:
Tell all your foreign colleagues,
I'll hear of no delay!
Though foemen league in millions,
We'll charm away their malice,
And walk together, arm in arm,
Right through the Crystal Palace!"

"My heart of hearts," the Prince replied,
"You talk just like a book."
And the relieved Commissioners
Cheered till the throne-room shook:
And through the streets of London,
Fast, fast, the news was borne;
And strange was the commotion,
Upon the morrow morn.

The reviewer who passes from verse possessing some sort of distinctive form or character to the genus "So and so and other Poems, by a Party" knows how slender is his chance of preserving the companionship of any amusement, profit, or novelty whatever. The presentiment in such cases becomes inveterate by constant fulfilment; and never was it more thoroughly realised than now that we have to do with the "first poetical attempt" of Mr. FLETCHER. It is portentously commonplace; an old clothes bag of the most threadbare accumulations of the mental Hounds-ditch. By way of set-off (so far as it will go), against Mr. FLETCHER'S manifold delinquencies in the raking together of limp clerical bands and shovel-hats, two-and-sixpenny HEMANS parasols, and BEPPO dominoes, we will allow to his credit some abatement from the ordinary pretentiousness of style of an aspiring versifier; and can do no more in conscience. In the chief composition of the volume, *Tryphena*, there is something more than a mere lack of originality, there is a downright determination to imitate, a love of servility for its own sake; as seen not more in a string of stanzas directly modelled upon some in *Don Juan*,

than in the feeble effort to graft a Don-Juanism à la Fletcher, on a tale whose real motive is merely spooney and lackadaisical. But we have no wish to exhibit Mr. FLETCHER in other than the best costume his wardrobe supplies him with. The following lyric fits him presentably enough:

In vain, for me, the sun may shed
His rising rays round morning's head,
And glancing play;
In vain his setting beams may fall
Upon the clouds which form the pall
Of dying day.

In vain, for me, the moon may sail
Supreme among the stars, which hail
Her peerless light;
In vain, for me, the sky-lark sings
Seraphic music, as he wings
His heavenward flight.

In vain Spring scatters love and mirth,
And gently wakes the slumbering earth
With vernal showers;
Or Summer flings perfumes around,
On groves and fields, her temples crown'd
With flagrant flowers.

In vain may autumn bring rich store
Of fruits, and spread the country o'er
With golden grain;
Winter may wrap in shroud of snow
The world, and make the wild winds blow,
For me, in vain.

Earth has no charms for me; my breast,
Alas, shall never more find rest,
Till death release;
Till in the grave I lay my head,
And mingled with the silent dead,
My sorrows cease.

My joys are blasted, all, and flown;
My brightest hopes are overthrown;
In clouds and gloom
My sun hath set: O may he rise,
Serene and calm, beyond the skies—
Beyond the tomb.

It would be a cruelty to OXONIENSIS to drag his volume beyond the pale of the "private circulation" for which it is printed, and to which, if to any circulation whatever, the immutable laws of its nature have restricted it. To OXONIENSIS, therefore, a rapid word of thanks for admitting us within his private circle: and there an end.

Nor need we dwell with any particularity on the production which stands next upon our list. Where there is not either nerve, fibre, or flesh—nothing but skin and bone; there the anatomist's office is a sinecure. The only point it occurs to us to note is the bewildered state of mind in which Mr. FRANKLIN seems to have sat down to write *Sempronius*. He evidently suspected that *Sempronius* was a great rascal; but guessed too that, for versifying purposes, he was a Byronic hero, and must have been a very fine fellow, if one could only find out in what respect.

The poem *Patriotism* translated by Mr. WRATISLAW, is an ancient Bohemian or Czechish ballad, one of a collection, in manuscript of the thirteenth century, found "by the learned HANKA, in the year 1817, in a vault under the church at Kralov dvur (Queen's Court) under a sheaf of arrows, which had lain there since the times of the Hussite leader ZISKA." Of the poems thus discovered several have been translated (very incorrectly, as Mr. WRATISLAW affirms), in Dr. BOWRING's *Czechian Anthology*, as also in a work by the author himself. The argument in the present poem, now first rendered into English, "carefully and literally," and which is surmised to relate to so remote a period as the year 630, is stated thus:

Zaboj (destroyer), a powerful warrior of the still heathen Bohemian nation, which, after the death of one of its chieftains, was oppressed by the neighbouring Germans, and partially forced to yield an unwilling allegiance to the Christian faith, secretly unites his friends, exhorts them to vengeance, and joining his band to that of Slavoj (glorious), his brother in arms, attacks the Germans commanded by Ludiek (Ladovic, Ludwig), kills their general with his own hand, makes a great slaughter of them, and restores liberty to his country.

As in all early poems, there are simplicity and heartiness in *Patriotism*; the style is vivid and quick, and marked with nationality, whether directly by means of description, or implied by phrase or epithet. We extract the concluding passage:

Far, far and wide, through all the land,
With its long wings spread on high,
A furious glede with vengeful speed
Doth chase the birds that fly.
And Zaboj's band through all the land
Spreads wide, their foes to meet,
And down they smite them everywhere
Beneath their horses' feet.
They chase them by night 'neath the moon's pale light,
Beneath the sun by day,
And then in the darkness night again,
And then in the morning grey.

A mighty stream is hurling wild,
Wave after wave rolls on,
But bound on bound both armies
Through the stormy stream are gone.
The waters seil'd the foreigners,
And whelm'd them in the tide,
But safely bore their countrymen
To reach the other side.
"When we've got to yonder mountains grey,
Revenge will be satisfied."

"O Zaboj, brother, cease awhile!
The hills are not far away,
The foes that are left are faint and few,
And these for mercy pray."

"Back through the land by different paths
With speed, both thou and I,
And all that to the king belong'd
Destroy we utterly!"

The wind it stormeth through the land,
On storm those armies tain,
Through every district left and right,
Through woodland and through plain,
With force extending far and wide,
With joyful shouts amain.

"Ho! brethren, see yon mountain grey!
Our late won victory,
There dwell the gods that gave it us,
And there from tree to tree
Flits many a soul through all the wood;
The timid beasts and fowls
In terror flee, except alone
The ne'er afrighted owls.
On to the mountains let us go,
Our dead to bury there,
And to the Gods to sacrifice,
Who gave us freedom fair!
And many an offering we will bring,
And many a thankful strain,
And to them we will dedicate
The weapons of the slain."

The reader will perceive that Mr. WRATISLAW's version is fluent and intelligent: nevertheless, it appears to us too modern. It should be more incisive, abrupt, and clanging, with more of the rush and tumult, less of the canter. There is too much of the MACAULAY tone about it; with a decrease from the freshness and vigour of its prototype, not only (and inevitably) on the score of its being a translation as confronted with an original work, but as a reverberation of the stroke struck by a pioneer in art. W. M. R.

RELIGION.

Life and Death: or, the Theology of the Bible in relation to Human Immortality. Three Lectures by J. PANTON HEARN, Minister, formerly of Lodge-street Chapel, now of Cooper's Hall Congregational Church, Bristol. Second edition, revised, with additions. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Bristol: Evans and Abbott. 1851.

If a man advances anything in contradiction to the belief we have for years cherished, our passions are at once raised against him. People will not hear him with patience—they speak of the new view with contempt, as if it were not worth the trouble of investigation; and thus it is a long time before a new truth makes its way. Such were the reflections elicited on recently reading *Life and Death*, the author of which maintains that the guilt of the disobedience in Eden was exclusively ADAM's; and he alone can, strictly speaking, be said to have been *punished*. What mankind are exposed to in consequence of the Fall, is neither the charge of guilt, nor the desert of punishment, but simply loss. The author holds that ADAM was put into Eden as a probationer for an undying existence, or *immortality*; and that an arrangement was made with him, according to which he should sustain a representative relation to his posterity, by which the *consequences*, not the moral character of his acts, should be visited upon them as well as upon himself; and the real consequences of the failure in Eden, and which are transmitted to mankind, are directly the loss of immortality, and, indirectly, of spiritual integrity. Now this is very different from the popular doctrine that ADAM, through his disobedience, brought *death* into the world, in this sense,—that is, that he exposed his body to dissolution, and his spirit to an unending existence in misery, which terrible heritage, as our representative head, he transmitted to us—his posterity.

Our author sets it down as an axiom that the human race are mortal, in such a sense as that death has complete dominion over them, and that the state of death is an absolute non-existence of the conscious life of the human being; and that the grand purpose of the mission of JESUS CHRIST was to bestow a future and endless life on all to whom his mission has been personally efficacious, but to none others. "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?" (Psalm lxxxix. 48.) "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten son into the world, that we might live through him." (1 John iv. 9.) "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is

eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord;" (Rom. vi. 23.)

Archbishop WHATELY, in his revelations of a future state, appears to be a believer in the annihilation or final destruction of the wicked at the general judgment. He writes, "It may be said, indeed, that supposing man's soul to be an immaterial being, it cannot be consumed and destroyed by literal material fire or worms. That is true: but no more can it suffer from them. We all know that no fire, literally so called, can give us any pain, unless it reach our bodies. The 'fire,' therefore, and the 'worm' that are spoken of, must at any rate, it would seem, be something figuratively so called—something that is, to the soul, what worms and fire are to the body. And as the effect of worms or fire is not to preserve the body they prey upon, but to consume, destroy, and put an end to it, it would follow, if the correspondence held good, that the fire, figuratively so called, which is prepared for the condemned, is something that is really to destroy and put an end to them, and is called 'everlasting' or 'unquenchable' fire, to denote that they are not to be saved from it, but that their destruction is to be final. So in the parable of the tares our Lord describes himself as saying, 'Gather ye first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my garner;' as if to denote that the one is to be (as we know is the practice of the husbandman) carefully preserved, and the other completely put an end to."

If our author be correct in his ideas, we are in the first place to consider immortality as not in any sense possessed by man as a native element in his constitution, but as bestowed by God through his son JESUS CHRIST. Secondly, the bestowment of his gift is at the time of the resurrection from the dead, at the second coming of CHRIST. And, thirdly, its bestowment is upon the faithful in CHRIST only.

That immortality or endless life is not a natural property of the human constitution, but is the gift of God bestowed through JESUS CHRIST, the following texts of Scripture go to prove: John i. 4; Acts iii. 15; Rom. ii. 7; v. 21; vi. 23; 1 Tim. vi. 12; 1 John i. 1, 2; ii. 25; v. 11, 13, 20; Jude i. 21; Rom. vi. 8, 11; 2 Cor. xiii. 4; 1 Thess. v. 10; Rom. v. 17, 18; vii. 2; 2 Cor. v. 4; Col. iii. 3, 4; 2 Tim. i. 1; Heb. vii. 16; 1 Pet. iii. 7; Rev. xxi. 6; 1 Tim. i. 16; John xx. 31.

That immortality, or everlasting existence, is introduced by, and dependent upon the resurrection from the dead at the second coming of JESUS CHRIST, is supported by the following texts: 1 Pet. i. 3-5, 7, 13; Jude i.; 1 Cor. ix. 25; 1 Pet. v. 4; Rev. ii. 10; 2 Tim. iv. 6-8; i. 12; Col. iii. 4; Rom. viii. 23; Phil. iii. 10, 11. PAUL consoled the Thessalonian believers concerning their dead friends who had died in the faith, by assuring them that they should rise from the dead when CHRIST came again (1 Thess. iv. 13-18; 1 Cor. xv. 13, 14, 18, 29, 30, 32, 50.)

In proof that immortality or endless existence is the peculiar privilege of the regenerated; that is, in other words, that none but believers in CHRIST are immortal, we may adduce Rom. vi. 22, 23; Acts xiii. 46; Gal. vi. 8; 1 John iii. 15; Rom. viii. 6, 10; Eph. iv. 18; 1 Tim. iv. 8; James i. 12; 1 John v. 12; Rev. xxii. 14; Rom. viii. 1, 2; v. 17; 1 John iii. 14, John iii. 36; Rom. vi. 13; viii. 13. From these promises our author argues that there is a part of the evangelic system wanting in the theology of the nineteenth century? And that part is, that life or immortality is only to be had through CHRIST, whose personal resurrection from the dead is the evidence and pledge of our own. It is He who bids the cherubim sheath the flaming sword and leave an open door to "the tree of life." "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God." He, therefore, who teaches that man is immortal, independently of JESUS CHRIST, introduces a distracting element into the system of the Christian religion.

In proof that the future punishment will not be an endless preservation in misery, but a total destruction or annihilation, he adduces Psalms xxxvii. 20; civ. 35; 2 Thess. ii. 8; Thess. v. 3; 2 Pet. ii. 12; 2 Thess. i. 9; Matt. x. 28; Psalm cxlv. 20; Dent. 1, 27, and ii. 12, 21, 22, 23; John iii. 15; x. 28; Acts xiii. 41; Rom. ii. 12; 1 Cor. i. 18; 2 Cor. ii. 15; 2 Thess. ii. 40; 2 Pet. ii. 12; Heb. x. 26, 27; Philip i. 28; Heb. x. 39; 1 Tim. vi. 7; 2 Pet. iii. 7, John viii. 51, 52; Rom. viii. 1, 2, 6, 32; Rev. xx. 14; xxi. 8.

Blots on the Escutcheons of Rome, a Brief History of the Chief Papal Persecutions. By SIX PROTESTANT LADIES. Edited by Miss CHRISTIAN. With an Introduction, by the Rev. HUGH STOWELL, M.A. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

The title of this volume proclaims its purpose. It contains, first, a History of the Inquisition, with carefully collected details of its horrible deeds. The second part describes the persecutions of the Waldenses, the martyrdom of Huss, the Marian persecution, the Mas-

sacre of St. Bartholomew, and the extermination of the Protestants of Zillerthal. The third part traces the melancholy history of Protestantism in France, its severe struggle against the power of Romanism, the barbarities to which it was subjected, the story of the Waldenses, and the War of the Cervennes. It is written in a popular manner, with something of one-sidedness of course, for it is the address of an advocate for the prosecution; but unfortunately most of its accusations are but too true. However, we should like much to hear "the other side." As a gathering of curious facts on one subject it is interesting and useful, and it is written with much less exaggeration of tone than might have been expected in a work composed avowedly for the purpose of rousing Protestant alarms.

Sermons. By the Rev. ANDREW HUDLESTON, D.D., Rector of Bowness. London: Whitaker and Co. 1851. pp. 362.

THIRTY sermons, on a variety of subjects, addressed to a country congregation, and in the simplicity of their language, addressed to the popular comprehension—a rare merit, which cannot be over-estimated. Their chief characteristic is good-sense warmed by a genial piety. Occasionally the style rises to eloquence, but very properly the general flow of it is even. The fifth, "a Confirmation Sermon," deserves to be reprinted in a cheap form, and extensively circulated in every parish previously to the celebration of the holy rite that publicly admits the Christian of his own will a member of the Established Church.

The Second Reformation; or, Christianity developed. By A. ALISON, Esq. London: Simpkin and Co. 1851. pp. 225.

ANOTHER energetic appeal in favour of an immediate reform of the Church in the direction of Protestantism, evidently proceeding from one of the formidable party who have banded together under the auspices of Lord SHAFTESBURY for the accomplishment of that object. Mr. ALISON contends that the Church, as it is, affords no protection against the encroachments of Rome, but rather invites and aids them; that safety for Protestantism can only be found by drawing an unmistakable line between the doctrines and forms of the Church of Rome and Church of England, and, therefore, he advocates nothing less than 1st, the transfer of Church Property to the Consolidated Fund. 2nd, The Abolition of Private Patronage. 3rd, A Revision and Equalization of the Incomes of the Bishops and Clergy. 4th, A new Constitution of the Church and revision of its Liturgy.

We confess that this appears to us to be very much more like Church destruction than Church reform.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Second Class Book of Physical Geography. By WILLIAM RHIND. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

THIS is designed to introduce young persons to a knowledge of the organic contents of our globe, and geographical distribution of plants, animals, and man. It is effected more rationally than in any school-book we have seen for a long time. The descriptions are usually in simple and untechnical language, and, therefore, intelligible to youth. It is also copiously illustrated with wood-cuts which add much to its utility.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays and Reviews. By THOMAS MACAULAY. Reprinted from the Edinburgh Review. A New Edition. London: Longman. 1851.

ONE great distinction between the great and the half-great is, we think, this: the half-great man is in his own age fully commented on and thoroughly appreciated; his character is faithfully inscribed in a multitude of reviews, his career is reflected in a wall of mirrors, which image his every step, and "now in glimmer, and now in gloom," trace out his history ere he be dead, and leave very little for posterity to add or to take away. The great man, on the other hand, while seldom quite overlooked or ignored, is as seldom during his life-time fully recognised—a shade of doubt hangs around his giant form like mist around a half-seen Alp:—his motions are all tracked, indeed, but tracked in terror and in suspicion; his character when drawn, is drawn in *chiaro scuro*, faults are chronicled more fully than his virtues; the general sigh which arises at the tidings of his death is as much that of relief as of sorrow; and not till the

dangerous and infinite seeming man has been committed safely to the grave does the World awake to feel that it has hid one of its richest treasures in the field of death. Nor should we entirely for this blame the World. For too often we believe that high genius is a mystery, and a terror even to itself, that it communicates with the Demoniac mines of sulphur as well as with the Divine sources, and that only God's grace can determine to which of these it is to be permanently connected, and that only the stern alembic of Death can settle the question to which it has on the whole turned, whether it has really been the radiant angel or the disguised fiend.

We might illustrate our first remark by a number of examples. But our recent readings supply us with one more than sufficiently appropriate to our purpose. We have risen from reading for the first time PRIOR'S *Life of Burke*, and for the tenth or twentieth time, MACAULAY'S *Essays*, collected from *The Edinburgh Review*. And as we rise we are forced to exclaim, "Behold a great man, fairly though faintly painted by another, and a half-great man unintentionally but most faithfully and fully sketched by himself." MACAULAY has eloquently panegyricized BURKE, and accurately discriminated him from inferior contemporary minds. But he seems to have no idea of the great gulph fixed between BURKE'S nature and genius and his own. He always speaks as if he and the object of his panegyric were cognate and kindred minds. Nay, some of his indiscriminate admirers have gone the length of qualling or preferring him to the giant of the Anti-Gallican Crusade. Let us, for their sakes, as well as his, proceed to point out the essential and eternal differences between the two.

BURKE, then, was a natural, MACAULAY is an artificial, man. BURKE was as original as one of the sources of the Nile; MACAULAY is a tank or reservoir, brimful of waters which have come from other fountains. BURKE'S imagination was the strong wing of his strong intellect, and to think and to soar were in general with him the same; MACAULAY'S fancy is no more native to him than was the wing of the strutting cherub assumed by Satan, the hero of the *Paradise Lost*, although like it, it is of many "a coloured plume sprinkled with gold."

MACAULAY'S intellect is clear, vigorous, and logical, but BURKE'S was inventive and synthetic. BURKE seems always representing his boundless knowledge, MACAULAY is ostentatious in the display of his. MACAULAY'S sentences are wrought, not cast; BURKE'S are cast, not wrought. Of MACAULAY'S train of thought you can always predict the end from the beginning. BURKE'S is unexpected, and changeful as the course of the wind, his spirit "bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." MACAULAY'S principal powers are two, enormous memory, and pictorial power. BURKE'S are also two, subtle, grasping, interpenetrating intellect, and what HALL calls "imperial imagination." BURKE is the man of genius, MACAULAY the elaborate artist. BURKE is the creature of impulses and intuitions, is impetuous, fervid, often imprudent and violent. MACAULAY never commits himself, even by a comma, and seems, if he has impulses, to have dipped them in ice, and if he has intuitions to have weighed them in scales before they are produced to his readers. BURKE has turned away from philosophic speculation to practical matters—from choice, not necessity; MACAULAY from necessity, not choice—it is an element too rare for his wing. BURKE, like REYNOLDS, descends upon all subjects from above; MACAULAY labours up to his loftier themes from below. BURKE'S digressions are those of uncontrollable power, wantoning in its strength; MACAULAY'S are those of deliberate purpose, and elaborate effort to relieve and make his byways increase the interest of his highways. BURKE'S most memorable things are strong simple sentences of wisdom or epithets, each carrying a question on its point, or burning coils of juniper from his flaming genius. MACAULAY'S are chiefly happy illustrations, or verbal antitheses, or clever alliterations. MACAULAY often seems, and we believe is, sincere, but he is never in earnest. BURKE, on all higher questions, becomes a "burning one"—earnest to the brink of frenzy. MACAULAY is a Utilitarian of a rather low type; BURKE is, at least, the bust of an Idealist. We defy any one to tell whether MACAULAY be a Christian or no. BURKE'S High Churchism is the lofty buskin in which his fancy loves to tread the neighbourhood of the Altar—while before it his heart kneels in lowly

reverence. MACAULAY'S writings often cloy the mind of his reader; you are full to repletion—from BURKE'S you rise unsatisfied, as from a crumb of Ambrosia, or a sip of Nectar. MACAULAY'S literary enthusiasm has now a far and formal air; it seems an old cloak of college days worn thread-bare. BURKE'S has about it a fresh and glorious gloss; it is the ever-renewed skin of his spirit. MACAULAY lies snugly and sweetly in the penfold of a party. BURKE is ever and anon bursting it to fragments. MACAULAY'S moral indignation is too laboured and antithetical to be very profound. BURKE'S makes his heart palpitate, his hand clench, and his face kindle like that of MOSES, as he came down the Mount. BURKE is the Prophet, MACAULAY the grown and well-furnished Schoolboy. BURKE, during his lifetime, was traduced, misrepresented, or neglected, as no British man of his order ever was before or since. MACAULAY has been the spoiled child of a too early, and a too easy success. As they have reaped they have sown. MACAULAY has written brilliant, popular, and useful works, possessing every quality except original genius, profound insight, or the highest species of historical truth. BURKE, working in an unthankful parliamentary field, has yet dropped from his overflowing hand little living germs of political, moral, literary, pictorial, and philosophic wisdom, which are striking root downwards, and bearing fruit upwards throughout the civilized world. MACAULAY'S works hitherto, consist of several octavo volumes, but *Liberated America*, *India set free from Tyrants*, and *Infidel France Repelled*, are the three Atlas Folios which we owe to the pen and the tongue of EDMUND BURKE.

We had other points of contrast, which we forbear to press. Indeed, we feel ashamed at continuing so long a contrast between two persons so unlike. But MACAULAY'S unwise friends have compelled us to renew the old and apparently superfluous work of showing the superiority of an original to an imitator—of a sublime Genius, informed from on high, to a cultured and consummate Artist, galvanized from below—of one wearing a mantle which seemed dropped from some Fiery Chariot of the Past, to one "of the earth, earthy"—of one whose flights of genius and wisdom might entitle him to the name of the Second PLATO, to one who would be proud, we suspect, to bear that of the Second BACON—even although the meanness were added to the majesty, and the immortal degradation to the everlasting praise of the ambiguous and all-overrated name of the Chancellor of England.

We propose now, first, briefly to characterize some of the other principal papers in this collection of MACAULAY'S *Essays*, and, secondly, to bend special attention on the longest and most elaborate of them all, that on "Lord Bacon."

There are in every author's works, what may be called representative parts or papers—papers or books which indicate the leading qualities in his mind, or the leading stages in his intellectual development. Thus, in the case before us, we have "Milton" representing MACAULAY the young and ardent Scholar, "Byron" and "Johnson" representing him as the full-grown *Literateur*, "Warren Hastings," and a host more, representing him as the budding Historian, and "Lord Bacon" as the Thinker.

We have, first, "Milton," still, in our judgment, the sincerest if not the most faultless of his papers. It is the work of a premature and impassioned school-boy, with the glow of the first perusal of the *Paradise Lost* extant on his cheek, and with the boy's dream of liberty still beating in his heart. Mr. MACAULAY says, that the paper contains "scarcely a paragraph of which his mature judgment approves." We may add that there are many paragraphs in it which he now neither could or durst write. "Men," says JAMES HOGG, in the *Noctes*, "often, as they get auld, fancy themselves wiser, whereas, in fac', they are only stoopider." It is not every one who, like ROBERT BURNS, with his early volume of poems, sees at a glance that the "first bairn o' his brain is also the best." Artistically, MACAULAY'S "Milton" is not his best; but it is the opening of his vein—it is the honeymoon of his mind—he throws forth in it a mass of pure ore, which he has since chiefly been employed in beating thin, or mixing with baser metals. Thus, we find him, in many of his subsequent papers, cutting and clipping at his splendid picture of the Puritans—a picture which we deem true to the life of these illustrious men, as well as to the first sincere and burning convictions of MACAULAY'S young soul. He was not, as Sir DANIEL SAND-

FORD somewhere insinuates, "a dishonest panegyrist of the Puritans." Brought up in a religious atmosphere, its influence still floated around him, as he wrote of those who "looked down with contempt on the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and on priests—for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand." But since, the giddy effects of success and the chilling influences of the world, have combined to damp and lower his lofty tone, and he seems more than once inclined to give up the Puritans as a ragged regiment, and to say, "I'll not march with them through Coventry—that's flat." The associate of Lord PALMERSTON could not latterly retain much sympathy for HARRY VANE. The confere of WHATELEY could scarcely now be honest in praising JOHN HOWE. When he wrote "Milton" he was a worshipper dividing his adoration between three objects—Poetry, Liberty, and Protestantism, in a liberal but determined form—and all three seemed robed in virgin loveliness. All have undergone a disenchantment—Poetry no longer walks the clouds but the earth: Liberty is no more the "mountain-nymph," but the highly accomplished daughter of a whig nobleman dwelling in Grosvenor-square: and Protestantism (see his review of *Ranke*), instead of being the true child of the Primitive Age, and the destined heir of the Earth, is a candidate with nearly the same claims and the same chances of final success, as the "Woman sitting on the scarlet-coloured Beast, and with the names of Blasphemy written on her forehead."

Indeed, we advise any one who wishes to compute the extent and the rapidity of the cooling process which has passed over MACAULAY's mind, to compare his papers on MILTON and on *RANKE*. In the one he speaks, with just indignation, of the vices of Popery, "complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and, above all, a merciless intolerance." In his review of *VON RANKE*, on the other hand, how tenderly does he treat the Jesuits, some of whom he classes beside the Reformers, how coolly he traces the progress of the Catholic reactions, with what satisfaction almost he records that Protestantism has come to a stand-still, forgetting or ignoring the facts that, although as a proselytizing power, nearly stationary in Europe, it is advancing as a missionary power, in every other part of the globe; that as the principal element of *British* progress, its torch is leading the great march of general civilization; that in its rudest shape, as 'Protestantism protesting against itself,' it has of late begun to heave in revolution every country and throne on the Continent; and that even to hint a doubt as to the ultimate result of its struggle with Popery is an act of treachery and cowardice, and betrays an ignorance of its true nature and pretensions. In all his later papers, MACAULAY talks as if Popery and Protestantism were modifications of one system, instead of being opposed, as light is to darkness, inertia to progress, deceit to truth, God to the Devil. What is the real history of this Anti-Christian and malignant power? It is in plain terms this. The Devil saw that Christianity had come into the world, and was threatening his empire with utter overthrow. He determined to check its progress. He first of all tried it with fire—but the fire fell on it like rain—it grew the faster for persecution. He then said, "I'll concoct a master-scheme—I'll become a Christian myself—I'll get myself baptized," and it was so; and Popery arose as the Devil's creed, and the progress of true Christianity was instantly retarded; and, but for God, the Bible, and one MARTIN LUTHER, the whole world had been at this hour wondering after the Beast. And while considering the attempts of such men as MACAULAY to fritter away to nothing the distinctions between God's creed and the Devil's creed, we are tempted to use the language of the Prophet, "Woe to them who put darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, evil for good and good for evil." The contest between Popery and Protestantism is no scuffle in the dark between detachments of the same army; it is a deadly fight between deadly foes, carried on in one compartment of that field, the world, where the powers of light and darkness have been waging for ages, their ever-deepening, ever-widening, but not for a moment dubious engagement.

Protestantism at a stand-still! Neither as a statement of the facts at the time the paper was written, nor as a prophecy of what has occurred since, is this assertion of any value. It is true that nations do not of late change their creeds as individuals their cloaks. Islands are not now converted as of yore, by the "yellow stick" of a Protestant proprietor (see Dr. JOHNSON's *Tour to the Hebrides*.) Protestantism has, like many a strong tide, been rolled back again and again in its progress. Catholicism, on the other hand, has had, and has at this hour, spasmodic revivals, sudden flushes, like the colours of the dying dolphin. She is dying hard. Nor may she fully expire till the brightness of CHRIST's coming surprise, and the "breath of his mouth" consume her. But apart from this, we think it difficult for a candid and true-telling observer to shut his eyes to the fact of a slow, steady, cumulative advance on the part of Protestantism—often repulsed—sometimes driven fiercely back, but always returning to the charge, and gaining sure and gradual ground with the wave of each successive generation. What, after all, has she lost? At her birth she was hailed by literature and science: they—on the points at least in which she differs from Popery—are on her side still. Her infant arm lifted the Printing-Press, the Mariner's Compass, and the Telescope. She holds them now with a stronger grasp than ever. She rent then, the shroud from the Bible, and she still defies the Catholic world to repair the rent. In Britain and the United States, and the great rising Colonies of the South, and in the stronger half of Germany, she possesses the real keys of the intellectual world—keys more powerful than those fabled ones which clank at the side of PETER. In our own country, she has of late, with almost a superfluous expenditure of power and wrath, repelled the insolence of Papal aggression. One thing only does she want to complete the strength and dignity of her attitude, that is, not to become more Popish, but to become more Protestant. Without sacrificing her Bible or the leading principles of her creeds, without yielding to the raving scepticisms of the day, she might and must accommodate her spirit and language to those of the age; she might, in proud humility, call in Literature and Science more explicitly to her aid; she must, in many points, abridge and modify her articles of faith; she might and must get rid of the wretched incrustations of Paganism, and Popery which are still around her—become, in short, that *New Protestantism* for which MILTON's spirit long ago sighed, which alone can attract and detain before the LORD, the young and the gifted of the age, and be thus prepared as the "Bride, the Lamb's Wife," for welcoming her Husband when he descends to the Universal Bridal. And then, like MILTON's eagle, shall this young and puissant Protestantism rise above the fogs of scepticism, and the purple mists of Rome, and mate her stern and starry eye with the unearthly and far-streaming glory attending the steps of Him "who shall come, will come, and will not tarry!"

In his papers on BYRON and JOHNSON we find his enthusiasm wondrously subdued and united to an artistic self-command, a self-consciousness, an elaborate wit, a bitter sarcasm, and a *tone of society*, not to be found in his first paper. With the exception of his papers on Madame D'ARBLAY, and ADDISON, they are the last of his purely literary articles. Before he wrote them, he had entered Parliament, and there is in both a great deal of the tart Parliamentary reply. The elaborate carelessness of BYRON is wonderful. Never was art more artificially concealed. Never did a deliberate and oil-smelling production seem so like an *impromptu*. Done in the sweat of his brow it yet reads like a private letter. Its simplest seeming sentences have probably cost him most trouble. Such are a "poor lord and a handsome cripple." "Lord BYRON's system had two great commandments, to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife." How cool such fleglings seem! and yet they were probably hatched with great care and amid considerable heat. His character of BYRON is a long antithesis, and might, had it been done into rhyme, have figured well in POPE's *Moral Epistles*. Bits of blame, and pats of praise, are distributed with exemplary equality. But, to apply his own words, "it is not the business of the critic to exhibit characters in this sharp antithetical way." It is his business rather to show us the true nature of the man at once, by a burning word, or a simple sentence, or in a figure "piercing the dividing asunder of his soul and spirit." Had he spoken

of BYRON's aimless earnestness, his unprincipled and ill-managed power, his union of generosity and selfishness, his strong religious tendencies, connected with an utter want of definite religious or even irreligious opinions, or hinted at the dark germ of derangement which was working all along in his bosom, he had in a sentence, helped us to a distincter view of the Poet's character than by his whole seventeen pages of unmitigated brilliancy. As it is, he accounts for BYRON's matchless misery from his bad education, the loss of his first love, the nervousness of dissipation, from every cause save the deepest of all—the want of habitual intercourse with the Father of Spirits. BYRON was miserable because he felt himself an orphan, a sunbeam cut off from his source, a star wandering everywhere in search of Hell, "without hope, and without God in the world." But how Puritanical would any statement like this have looked in the eyes of the Reform Club, or of the splendid circles of Holland House!

To BOSWELL and JOHNSON he is, we think, unjust in various measures. BOSWELL, in his relation to JOHNSON, was one of the most sincere and remarkable of men. Used like a spaniel by his idol; now caressed contemptuously, and now fiercely spurned; laughed at by his friends and by the world for his attachment to JOHNSON, he remained true to him to the last, and has suffered for it, after as well as before death, and nowhere more severely than at MACAULAY's hands. To worship was the master instinct of his being, and he could no more avoid following it than can the moon escape the gravitation of the earth. His conduct was the finer from the contrast it presented to the selfish and infidel habits of the eighteenth century. BOSWELL had a God—JOHNSON; but VOLTAIRE and HUME had none except themselves or their callous theories. BOSWELL, in short, seems to us, the first crude curdling of the future Hero-worshipper, as the Alchemist was the rude forerunner of the genuine Chymist. Nor were his talents so contemptible as MACAULAY alleges. He was undoubtedly a clever and cultivated man. And the power to which he principally pretended, that of appreciation, he possessed in a very large degree. He saw JOHNSON as few even since have seen him; he gave him, during his life, an ante-past of the praise of future ages, and he added one important item to his claims for immortality. BOSWELL's *Life*, according to many, is JOHNSON's greatest work; according to all, it is one of his best. Nay, we cannot but fancy that MACAULAY originally possessed a great deal of the better element of Boswell, as his *Milton* testifies, and that to clear himself of the suspicion of being a BOSWELL of a bigger size, he has shed the blood of his own Spiritual Father.

Scarcely less unjust is he to JOHNSON himself, who, had he been alive, would certainly have turned him on the spit of one of his rolling periods before the slow grim blaze of his manly indignation. "What is your opinion, Dr. J., of THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY?" "Sir, the dog has some gifts and accomplishments, but he is a Whig, a vile Whig, a trimmer, Sir, who would have acted as Laureate to King GEORGE and the Pretender, at the same time. Sir, he would have written a panegyric on the Pretender, on the steam of the sack which the king had just sent in at his door." "Isn't he something like BURKE, Sir?" "No, Sir, you might have cut up BURKE's kidneys into a score of MACAULAYS. MACAULAY, Sir, has not breath to blow the bellows to BURKE's fire. As GOLDY would say, he has BURKE's 'tongue,' but without 'the garnish' of his 'brains.'" "What think you of his style, Sir?" "It is mine, Sir, docked, yet the dog turns round and abuses the suit of clothes he has not only stolen, but *mangled down*, Sir, to his own stature." "Doesn't he know a great deal, Sir?" "Yes, Sir, facts, not principles; he has millions of farthings, but few guineas; and no bank-bills; he is like a schoolboy, who knows all the birds' nests in the parish, but can neither fly, nor lay an egg, Sir; nor even incubate to life the deposits of others." "What think you of his religious creed, Sir?" "Why, Sir, it is that of one who prefers God to the Devil because he is in, and not because he ought to be in, and who is full of saving clauses lest the tables should one day be turned, and the New Premier prove somewhat absolute. He has no creed, Sir, only a new credibility of God and the Gospels, Sir." "Isn't he descended from your old friend, Miss MACAULAY, Sir?" "Too-too-too, Sir, not from Miss MACAULAY, surely, Sir. His grandfather was a Minister in the Hebrides, and

probably had the second sight, which he has not left to his descendant any more than old ZACHARY left him his religion, Sir."

Dr. JOHNSON's merit, according to MACAULAY, has now shrivelled up into his "careless table-talk." His writings have little merit. His criticisms on SHAKESPEARE and MILTON are "wretched." He knew nothing of the "genus, man—only of the species, Londoner." His style is "systematically vicious." His mannerism is "sustained only with constant effort." His "big words are wasted on little things." His prejudices and intellectual faults, too, are magnified by being torn from their context, and set up in cluster, upon one pillory. Thus complacently does he try to "write down" old SAM an ass. The attempt is as insolent as we hope to show it to be vain. Now, first, his table-talk was not "careless." It was the very sweat of his mind. In all good society he "talked his best." Secondly, it has discovered no new powers in JOHNSON's mind, although it has new weaknesses. It has increased our notion of his variety, shrewdness, and readiness of retort, but not of his power, eloquence, and deep-hearted sincerity of nature. Thirdly, with regard to the prejudices and failings of this mighty man of valour, we ought to remember his time, his training, the dark disease which, like the leprosy in an ancient house, sent a stream of misery and embryotic madness throughout all the porticoes of his splendour, and all the columns of his strength—polluted every door, and looked out at every window—to remember that, strong and rock-founded that house must have been to contain unbroken, such a fearful guest—and to remember, in fine, that he is a poor forester who judges of an oak by its gnarled knots—a petty astronomer who weighs the spots against the body of the sun—and a miserable statistic who estimates London by its gin-palaces or its hospitals. Fourthly, that his criticisms on SHAKESPEARE and MILTON do not bring out the minor beauties, the more delicate shades: the subtler meanings of our two great national poets is admitted. JOHNSON's mental, like his bodily, eye saw only tall cliffs, wide fields, bold mountains, broad outlines—it was not conversant with details or minute varieties. But who has spoken better of the more general and palpable qualities of SHAKESPEARE or of *Paradise Lost*—the pyramid of MILTON's handywork? It he found to surpass even his own Brobdingnagian stature, and looking up to it in reverence, he had little leisure to mark the subordinate buildings on which, as on steps, MILTON had slowly mounted to its proud pinnacle. He is accused of not praising *The Castle of Indolence* very warmly, but he gives its author, and his far better poem, *The Seasons*, their full meed. He called "GRAY a barren rascal, and CHURCHILL a blockhead;" but if Mr. MACAULAY had, as at other times, chosen to translate these expressions out of *Johnsonese* into plain English, they had just meant the truth: this, namely, that GRAY's genius was not so prolific as his learning was extensive, and that CHURCHILL was a worthless, albeit able, scoundrel. He has, indeed, admitted many stupid fellows into his *Lives of the Poets*, but, as he said he would, he has, in his own way, "told us that they were blockheads." In fact, his real offence, as a critic, in the eyes of many, is what, with us, is a merit. Himself a sincerely honest and pious man, an intense hater of humbug, of deceit, of brazen-faced infidelity, of twaddling sentimentalism, of the cant of virtue, and of the cant of vice, he has unsparingly exposed such offences wherever he found them, and many who cry out about his critical, have, in fact, taken fright at his moral severity. Fifthly, as to the faults and mannerism of his style, we are not "careful to answer in this matter," least of all, in reply to the leading mannerism of this century. JOHNSON's is the mannerism of a left-handed giant. He throws awkwardly, but he throws stones which MACAULAY could not lift. To say that he "sustains his style by constant effort" is simply untrue. It is notorious that the most sounding papers in *The Rambler* were written at a sitting, and *currente calamo*. He had but to dip his pen in ink, and there flowed out a current of thought and language, wide and deep, and voluminous as the Ganges in flood. We own our wrath always kindles when we hear others besides MACAULAY preferring ADDISON to JOHNSON. We are not blind to his timid beauties, his inimitable irony, slight and withering as the smile of a scornful angel, his languid graces, the elegant negligence of his costume, his sweet blooded and subtle humour, or his graver powers of contemplation and pathos; but there is this

important difference in JOHNSON's favour: ADDISON is merely a mirror, JOHNSON is a native mind, ADDISON reflects back—man and nature; JOHNSON is a thinker, penetrating into both; ADDISON's discussions and philosophizing are feeble, JOHNSON's, even when erroneous, are always strong. Witness the papers on the *Paradise Lost* by the one, and the *Lives of the Poets* by the other—a work, which, with all its faults, is the most masculine and massive body of criticism in the English tongue. ADDISON's may be called almost a female mind of exquisite calibre. JOHNSON was every inch a man, nay, a son of ANAK from the rough earth, but with a heart touched, and a brow radiant with the influence and light of Heaven. We base, indeed, our deepest admiration of this great man on his moral and religious qualities. We are never weary of thinking of his sterling honesty, his rugged integrity, his fearlessness of consequences, his untaught, dignity, his generous sympathies for all real sorrows, his benevolence, bear-like in its external manifestations, lamb-like in its heart, the depth and profundity of his spiritual convictions, the tenderness of his conscience, the firmness with which he clung to Christianity, in a low and infidel age, "faithful found among the faithless," his habitual fear of God—yea, we are not soon weary of admiring the rim of righteous anger which surrounded him at times—the severity of his occasional judgments, the fury of his assaults upon impostors of all sorts, and we can even bear with his sturdy prejudices, the errors of his temperament, the hasty verdicts of his excited conversation, his political and religious bigotries, and the rough usage he often gave to his friends and worshippers. These, like the scars of scrofula upon his cheek are not beautiful, but they are his, and if they injure the grace of his aspect, they neither take a cubit from his intellectual stature, nor damp the vehemence, though irregular flame of benevolence, sincerity, manhood, and piety, which burnt in his heart. Would to God that some similar giant were now to tower up suddenly above the crowd of our sciolists, sceptics and small poets, and rebuke them into sense, and modesty, and Christianity again! JOHNSON was too decidedly an honest, fearless, and brawny original for MACAULAY's handling. He succeeds far better in depicting the splendid clasp of CHATHAM, the gimcrack ingenuity and polished malice of HORACE WALPOLE, the manners-painting force of MADAME D'ARBLAY, and the cultured common sense and elaborate eloquence of Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. He succeeds better still in crushing the wasp, CROKER, sting, wings, bag of venom, and all, by one nervous grasp of his strong hot hand, or in clapping into air amid mimic thunder, the empty paper bags of some of our modern poets.

As MACAULAY's series of papers went on, it became manifest that he was gradually diverging from the flowery fields of literature, and turning towards the more difficult and less frequented heights of history. His "Machiavelli," "Burleigh," "Chatham," "Temple," and "Lord Clive," were all, in reality, historical chapters, the shot-out antennæ of coming historical works. Of such, by far the ablest and most brilliant, is the article on "Warren Hastings." Indeed, we find in it, as in a microcosm, all the qualities positive and negative, since more largely displayed in his *History of England*. These are intimate acquaintance, not only with the leading events, but with the minutiae, the gossip, the family history, and the floating scandal of the period; intense sympathy with the personnel of his heroes, a partiality for certain characters amounting to favouritism—a hatred for others amounting to fury—immense power of painting traits in character, and scenes in historic life—an inferior gift of describing nature—frequent, cool, and refreshing literary allusions, blowing like winds across the otherwise arid or blood-dried pages of his tale—few references to those great plans of Providence, which interpenetrate, underlie, and over-arch all human story—Whig zeal and religious indifference, both indifferently concealed—an occasional negligence of style more highly finished in reality than the most swelling of his paragraphs—great and laboured passages, reminding you of historical paintings, and relieved by surrounding etchings of familiar life—a perpetual consciousness of himself, and of the artistic nature of his task, which seldom permits any spontaneous betrayal of emotion, and makes even his enthusiasm seem cold, as the hair of a painted Moenad—something of the interest and

simplicity of HUME, along with the richer tints of ROBERTSON, and the gorgeous description of GIBSON—all the qualities of a good novel, added to some of those of an ideal history—these are the leading peculiarities alike of his historical papers such as "Hastings" and of his "England," and they constitute him a historian after the ages' own heart—although the wiser of the day probably prefer the panoramic sketches of CARLYLE—which read more like prophecies of the future than histories of the past—or to follow the steps of ARNOLD, as with the literal perseverance of a bloodhound, but with the heart of a man, and the faith of a Christian, he traces truth like its shadow, and seeks to show that straight divine ray which, from the first hour of man's existence, has followed his course—pierced his dungeons—crossed his battle-fields—beckoned forward smiling from his scaffolds—touched the axes and flames of his revolutions with the glory of hope, and which is to shine on more and more, till the "perfect day" arrive and till its solitary beam, at the gates of earth's golden evening, meet and merge in Heaven's

Bright pomp descending jubilant.

To MACAULAY, the Mount of History has but one summit, looking to the Past, to ARNOLD, it is bifurcated, and its higher peak commands the Future, and becomes a "Mount of Vision" only lower than those awful pinnacles whence inspired prophets of yore saw the "end from the beginning."

Admitting right cordially the exceeding interest and graphic power of the paper on "Hastings," there are one or two points on which we must differ. We find in it, evidences of that infirmity of trimming and balancing which so easily besets our author. We certainly do not think that WARREN HASTINGS was a monster. Monsters in the moral world are still rarer than monsters in the natural, but if the half of what BURKE said, and the whole of what even MACAULAY says against him be true, he must have been one of the worst characters in history. If seduction, perfidy, cruelty, greed, murder, both retail and wholesale, implacable revenge, and insatiable ambition, with a hundred smaller items of falsehood and corruption, are to be screened by success, it is time that the Ten Commandments were burned, the Sermon on the Mount buried, and the laws of nations and of nature repealed. Either he was one of the worst or one of the most maligned of men. MACAULAY takes neither view, but between admiration of HASTINGS' abilities and anger at some of his actions, reverence for BURKE, and pity for the accused, sympathy with the oppressed people of India, and wonder at the splendid edifice of empire which was based on their blood, he himself hangs, and he suspends his readers in a state of equilibrium which becomes half-painful and half-ludicrous, and tempts you at last to exclaim, "What would you have us to think of this man after all; was he a wise governor, or a cruel and unmanly oppressor; shall we bless or shall we ban him; shall he sit in the Synod of the Gods, or where BURKE would have placed him, in that part of the Indian Pantheon, where dwell the horrid Deities who preside over small-pox and murder; and who, like the tremendous Three in the "Curse of Kehama," expecting the coming of the "Man Almighty" might be conceived to wait impatiently for his advent "having been found worthy" to sit beside them on a burning throne?

There is another point on which we crave a word; it is on the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*. This, MACAULAY, somewhat dogmatically, attributes entirely to Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, although there is much internal evidence to prove him incapable of their better portions. The mere mechanism of their composition, the curt style, the fierceness and occasional malignity of their spirit, he could have supplied, but the profounder touches of satire, the strong clearness of diction, the high, almost superhuman scorn which so often inspires them, the frequent gleams of deep political sagacity, and the figures, sparing in number but breathing an intense poetical spirit, all point to the darker moods and the fretted and gall-dipt pen of EDMUND BURKE. We do not mean that he was their sole or chief author, but that his subtle genius had its share in their conception even as it had in some of BARRY's pictures, and REYNOLDS' discourses, and that he drew many of their sharpest and finest strokes, seems to us certain, and to some others too, who, can recognise that "Roman hand" and who know that its versatility was equal to its power. BURKE notoriously was in the secret of their authorship.

* See PRICHARD'S *Burke*, Vol. I.

He was, according to JOHNSON, the only man living equal to their composition. And as to style, neither he nor JUNIUS were consistent in it. JUNIUS had three different styles—that of his private notes to WOODFALL—that of his hasty letters, such as his first to HORNE TOOKE—and that of his more elaborate epistles. BURKE too, strange to say, had three styles—his plain style, as of his charges against HASTINGS—his middle style, as of his *Sublime and Beautiful*, and *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*—and his ornate and poetical style, as in his *French Revolution*, and his *Regicide Peace*. There are, besides, passages and clauses in JUNIUS which we are as sure were BURKE's, as if we had seen him write, or dictate, or interline them. Take one, "the melancholy madness of genius without the inspiration." BURKE once said to BOSWELL, about HERBERT CROFT, "He has the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration." Of another we may say (accommodating MACAULAY's language about certain passages in *Cecilia*), "Aut Burke aut Diabolus." It is in reference to WILKES: "The gentle breath of peace will leave him on the surface, unruffled and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place." We could add a hundred more. On the whole, were we on a jury to try the question as to the authorship of JUNIUS, we should be compelled, between the conflicting forces of the external and the internal evidences, to return a verdict against "EDMUND BURKE, PHILIP FRANCIS, and other person or persons unknown."

Here we pause at present: but with the leave of our gentle readers, propose to return to, and complete the subject next number. We intend, then, to take up MACAULAY's estimate of Lord BACON's philosophy, which may help us in estimating his own powers of thinking and writing on philosophical subjects.

The Erne, its Legends, and its Fly-Fishing. By the Rev. HENRY NEWLAND. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

THE river Erne, in the northwest of Ireland, is the only outlet of the large lake of the same name; it runs a short and rapid course of about four miles, counting from its first break over the rocks at Belleck to its final plunge into the tide of Ballyshannon. Mr. NEWLAND begins his book by saying "the Erne is decidedly the best fisherman's river in Ireland, and can be equalled by but few anywhere," and afterwards he declares that "the number of fish which it contains is altogether inconceivable—salmon, eels, trout, pike, and perch; but none of them, excepting the two former, valued or preserved. These, however, are sources of great profit." He adds the following interesting remarks about the salmon and the eel:

These fish equally affect both the sea and the fresh water, with this singular difference: the salmon enters the fresh water to spawn, the eel descends to the sea for the same purpose. The salmon returns annually, the eel never. The salmon fry, five inches in length, descend to the sea in spring. The eel fry come up in autumn, when about the size of knitting needles. The salmon are taken as they ascend, the eels as they descend. The salmon never moves by night, and the eel never moves by day.

The Rev. Mr. NEWLAND's book is agreeably written; the account of the river seemingly correct, the description of scenery pleasing, the jocular stories tolerable, or at least not intolerable, which is much to say for Irish stories inlaid to give a book lightness; mosaic narratives usually of extreme heaviness, and remarkable untruth of character. The Legends of the Erne, which make such a figure on the back, make but little in the body of this volume; those given being well-worn ones, handled, not ungracefully, yet vaguely and loosely, so as to leave them undistinguished from a thousand magazine and Keepsake dilutions of popular stories. Here we cannot omit noticing, as obnoxious to our taste, the little picture which is emblazoned in gold on the outside of this book, and in colours upon the title page,—a pretty female form, with variegated wings, couching Ariel-like on a large *Salmon Fly*; the "gut wreathing about in graceful rings, and the barbed hook curved below." This conjunction (however cleverly it may symbolise the "Legends and Fly-fishing"), profaning nature's gentle inspirations, and fancy's delicate embodiments, will, we hope, disgust every one who has not, through habit or otherwise, become too thickskinned for the slender iron to enter his soul, for once, instead of the gills of a fish.

Quitting this matter, about which we are probably irreconcilable, we are glad to congratulate Mr. NEWLAND upon the sensible and straightforward way he talks about the ever vexed "Irish question;" and as we have not seen this part of his book noticed elsewhere we quote the following,—though we are not, perhaps, ready to agree with every word of the passage:

They ("the Paddies") are not freemen—they have never learnt, and therefore I would not play at freemen with them. They do not yet understand the principles of truth and justice; till they have learnt them, I would give them no trial by jury. They cannot meet without fighting like savages—till they do so I would not give them the franchise of civilisation. I would suspend the *habeas corpus* permanently, and then I would govern them as you would govern children, as honestly and justly as I could, but peremptorily; and I would do this in the hope of teaching them one day to govern themselves, and as the only means of doing so. His own condition, if you like, should be his criterion; when I saw him respect himself—ay, when I saw his house neat and tidy, with a little flower-garden round it, like our English cottages, I would begin to respect him myself: but as long as I saw him making no difference between himself and his pigs, I would take him at his own valuation, and treat him accordingly.

Here, too, is something on the same subject, which appears worthy of note:

"Poor Ireland," said the squire, "your worst enemies and your worst oppression are your own children and your own friends. You have been tyrannised over by aliens, no doubt, and so has England, and so has every country under the sun; and, like them, you would have flourished under it and out-grown it. It is your friends that are destroying you, and from them there is no deliverance."

The Irish Fishery-Laws are now occupying much attention, and are obviously far from being in a settled state; the following passage seems to us to put the argument on one side very well:

Parliament has no particular affection for the proprietor of this fishery, nor for the renter; it legislates for the many, and creates a proprietor, because, from the peculiar nature of the salmon there must necessarily be a proprietor, in order that the markets of Liverpool should be supplied, and the rich papists of Cheshire and Lancashire should fare sumptuously every Friday. "That is precisely my idea," said the squire. "In every other case the owner of the land is the owner also of the beasts and birds which the land produces; the owner of the water is the owner also of the fish that swim in the water. But with the salmon the case is different; one person is made the owner of all the fish in the river, whether that river run through his own land or not. The reason for this difference is evident—it is for the benefit of the public that it should be so. The salmon enters the river fit for the market, but as he proceeds inland he becomes rodd, and by the time he reaches his breeding-ground, where he is most defenceless, he is fit for nothing. It is quite evident, therefore, that if this species of property followed the laws which regulate everything else, those who profit by it would be unable to protect it, and those who are able to protect it would have no interest in doing so." "Precisely," said the Ballyshannoner. "And now see what must be the ultimate effect of this new discovery on the markets. Recollect it is for the good of the public that the fish are made private property,—that the laws intended to make them so, and did make them so, to the best of the information of the framers. A company now contrives to evade these laws, and to take fish which they have had no hand in rearing, but which have been reared under an expensive system of preserving, and a numerous array of water-keepers. Well, we will suppose the interlopers successful: they catch half the fish, and for that year the markets are as well supplied as before, and nobody cares. But the fishery now no longer supports its staff of water-bailiffs; the head waters are neglected; the spawning fish are destroyed by otters, or speared by the peasantry; and the next year there are no fish to be caught by either proprietor or interloper; the fish markets of Liverpool fail, and the jolly rich papist of Lancashire is reduced to fast on red herrings like his vulgar neighbours. The operation is not quite so quick as this, because a man takes a good deal of ruining, and will go on hoping; but that is the result, you may depend upon it."

We shall now give a specimen of Mr. NEWLAND's descriptions of scenery; taking occasion to mention that the word-sketches in his book are very much better than the pictorial ones. There is a view of Ballyshannon which might be taken for a bad attempt at Grand Cairo, with the Pyramids in the back-ground; the following verbal presentation has more truth in it:

The broad and brimming river smiling in its noonday brightness, was rolling its quiet and restless way; not a break on its smooth current, not a ripple on its glass-like surface, though here and there a slight curling dimple told how surely and continually that calm and peaceful water was gliding in its noiselessness to the great fall below, whose heavy, deep, and ceaseless thunderings rose in the still air, mixing and harmonising with the sharp tinkling and plashing sound of the rapid above it.

Like a black band across this sunny picture rose the bridge of Ballyshannon, with its deep-shadowed buttresses and its fourteen arches, each pouring its respective current into the deep still pool. There were passengers and horses and market-carts passing over it; while every now and then came a sharp, quick, dazzling glance, which the sun flashed from the heavy rod as the restless fisherman from the battlements wheeled it over his head and cast his fly into some fresh ripple.

We conclude with a sentence from the Dedicatorial Epistle, because there is an agreeable and genuine-looking warmth in it, which makes us regret that it does not refer to reminiscences more capable of exciting our sympathy than these piscatorial ones:

The spring of freshness and novelty has passed away. Many a green bank have I trodden since those days—many a rapid and many a pool have I thrown my fly over; but there is no "fisherman's home" like the old low-browed room at Belleck, and no river in the whole world like my first love—the Erne.

The English in America. By the Author of "Sam Slick" &c. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

This professes to be a History of the English in America. It is, in fact, a long and somewhat heavy political pamphlet. Judge MULLIBURTON is amusing only when he jests; he excels in farce; when he attempts tragedy, genteel comedy, or sober sense, he lapses into the most drowsy dullness, and becomes as prosy and tedious as ever judge was, and that expresses, perhaps, the bathos of prosiness. We opened the work anticipating a repetition of the rich provincialisms of *Sam Slick*, but we found only a story tolerably well told, of events which have been more fully narrated by more competent historians. As a superficial sketch of the founding and early progress of the English Colonies in the New World it may interest those who have not time or patience to peruse the more elaborate histories of BANCROFT and others, but we are bound in faith to our readers to say that it is not that which from its title and the previous production of the author they might be led to expect—a satirical and humorous account of the English as they appear in their new homes on the other side of the Atlantic. This would have been a fitting theme for the author's pen; he would have handled it well, and sustained the reputation which he has now endangered. Here and there he is worthy of himself, and when the theme excites him he expresses himself with energy and eloquence. A very fair specimen of his manner is this account of

THE FIRST SETTLERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The first settlers of Massachusetts laid the basis of their freedom on a broader, better, and surer foundation, than any of those institutions to which I have referred—on a well regulated, well-proportioned, and general education. Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of the Laws*, says that the principle of a republic is "virtue," which he defined politically, to be "respect for the laws, and a love for our country." In this sense, virtue is found nowhere so strong as in the United States. The frightful tales related by travellers, of lynching and summary justice inflicted by excited mobs, are occurrences peculiar to territories bordering on civilization. In all ages, and in all countries, barbarians and outlaws resort to fastnesses, or dwell on the confines of the desert, in the inaccessible depths of the wilderness. In America, these regions are the resort of their own criminals, and the refuse of Europe; but it would be the height of prejudice, or injustice, not to give the population at large the credit they deserve, for respect for the laws. They are a sensible and practical people, and feel that the safety and durability of their institutions depend upon this submissive obedience. They are aware that they are their own laws, enacted by themselves, and that if they disappoint their expectation, they have a better remedy in repealing, than in violating them. They know instinctively, what that great philosopher had discovered by reasoning and research, that, in a republican government, the whole power of education is required. Most nobly had this duty been discharged. Scarcely had the ground in the neigh-

bourhood of Boston been cleared, when the general court founded a college, which they afterwards called Harvard, in token of gratitude to a clergyman of that name, who bequeathed a considerable sum of money to it. The town of Newtown in which it was situated, was denominated Cambridge, the name of the *alma mater* of many of the principal people in the colony. In this respect they showed a far greater knowledge of the world, and of the proper course of education, than the inhabitants of the present British colonies. They first established an university, and then educated downwards to the common schools, as auxiliary seminaries, which were thus supplied with competent teachers; while duly qualified professional men and legislators were simultaneously provided for the State. In Canada, there is an unfriendly feeling towards these institutions, which people who play upon popular prejudice or ignorance, endeavour to foster, by representing them as engrossed by the sons of the rich, who are able to pay the expense of their own instruction, without assistance from the public treasury; and that all that is thus bestowed, is so much withdrawn from the more deserving but untrained children of the poor. Six years after the arrival of Winthrop, the general court voted a sum, equal to a year's rate of the whole colony, towards the erection of this college. The infant institution was a favourite. Connecticut and Plymouth, and other towns in the east, contributed little offerings to promote its success. The gift of the rent of a ferry was a proof of the care of the state; and once, at least, every family in each of the colonies gave to the college at Cambridge twelve-pence, or a peck of corn, or its value in unadulterated wampumpeag, while the magistrates and wealthier men were profuse in their liberality. The college, in return, exerted a powerful influence in forming the early character of the country. As soon as this institution was fairly in operation, provision was made, by the allotment of land, local assessment, and otherwise, for elementary schools; "it being one chief project of that old deluder Satan," says the preamble to this venerable law, "to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures as in former times, keeping them in an unknown tongue; so in these latter times, by persuading men from the use of tongues, so that at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded with false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers, and that learning may not be buried in the graves of our fathers." It was ordered that in all the Puritan colonies, "that every township, after the Lord had increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read; and where any town shall increase to one hundred families, they shall set up a grammar-school, the masters thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the University." The joint operations of both gave a pre-eminence to the people of Massachusetts, which they maintain to this day. At a later period, this laudable example was followed in almost every part of the country, now called the United States; and in no respect is their wisdom more conspicuous than in thus following the example of their forefathers.

We hope when next we meet the humorous Judge it will be in his own proper and inimitable character of Sam Slick.

Every Lady's Guide to her own Greenhouse, Hothouse, and Conservatory. By a Lady. London: Orr and Co. 1851.

THIS little work does what most "simple" instructors so uniformly neglect—it begins with first principles. Thus, we have from the authoress, as a starting point, a description of the plan on which a greenhouse should be constructed, and of the kind of soil and flower pots that are suitable to the purposes of the amateur student of botany. She then proceeds to instruct in the general management of a greenhouse, in the making and management of hot beds and garden frames, of the conservatory, the hothouse, and warm pit. The branches treated are numerous, and all the authoress's teachings have been suggested by her own experience—one great result of which has been to convince her that no amateur cultivator should expect to bring to perfection a great variety of productions, if he possess only one "conservatory."

The West of England and the Exhibition, 1851. By HERBERT BYNG HALL. Author of "Scenes at Home and Abroad," &c. With Illustrations. London: Longman and Co. pp. 348. 1851.

MAJOR HALL was one of the deputations who were sent by the Royal Commissioners to rouse the provinces to the support of the Exhibition, when it was first projected. His district lay in the West, and in the course of his duties he visited many places and made acquaintance with many persons; and being an observant man, and wielding a ready pen as well as a fluent tongue, he appears to have preserved a record of his tour, which

was, of course, more extensive than his duties required, for he wandered out of the way wherever there was an object or a landscape that deserved inspection. In a pleasant gossiping strain, mingling humour, pathos, narrative, anecdote, and description, Major HALL has put into print the scenery, manners, and characteristics of the West of England, and lent to his lively pen the aid of his clever pencil, for numerous woodcuts and lithographs give increased interest and value to a work which every native of that part of the country will peruse with pleasure, for its recollections of the memories of his own childhood.

Not the least remarkable feature of this volume is its provincial typography. We observe that it was printed at Taunton, at the office of the County newspaper, the *Somerset Gazette*, and it is sent forth in a style which would reflect credit upon the best London establishments. When authors can thus procure their books to be as well printed in the country, at half the cost of London printing, the office that could produce such a book as this may expect to be in full employment.

The Rambler's Companion through the Land of Scott and Burns. By JOHN GRIEVE, Surveyor, Smalholm. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1851. Edinburgh: Hogg.

MR. GRIEVE is a very enthusiastic guide, and he conducts his reader over a great extent of beautiful country. His descriptions of scenery are more florid than we are accustomed to expect, and he is rather redolent of "reflections" on loved spots and ancient monuments. Nevertheless, we have read the work with pleasure, and should readily adopt it as a guide if we were about to ramble in Scotland. There are numerous engravings in the work, and the price is very low.

London made Easy. London: Hall and Co. 1851.

A VERY useful guide to the stranger visiting the metropolis. It condenses a vast amount of practical information, as a list of all the hotels, cab fares from the railways to all the principal streets, tables of foreign money; the foreign embassies, the customs duties, a list of all the objects of interest, places of worship and preachers, places of learning and science, mercantile exhibitions, music, places of amusement, and the environs. A number of sectional maps on a new and convenient plan, add much to the value of this very useful publication, which we recommend every visitor to put into his pocket.

THE PAMPHLETEER.

THE REV. DR. MAGILL, minister of the National Scotch Church, Holloway, has published a sermon on *The Claims of the Jews on a Christian State*. Curt and elegant in expression, it is also logical in construction, and adds another to the many powerful pleas that have been urged on behalf of perfect freedom for the Israelite. — *Papery: the Tyrant of the Human Race*, by one who knows Papery, is the substance of a letter addressed to Dr. TOWNSEND, the Canon of Durham, in reference to the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Bill. The author labours in rather a partizan mode to convict Papery of horrors greater than history attributes to any other source. We must do him the justice to say that he has marshalled a large number of startling facts. He has, too, argument on his side, as certainly as he has our sympathies. — *The Twofold Protest* consists of a Letter from the Duke of ARGYLE to the Bishop of OXFORD, and of the Duke's Speech on the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in the House of Lords, on the 21st of July. The speech is highly laudatory of the Ministerial measure, and condemnatory of the Pope's aggression. The letter points out that the real danger for the Church lays within it—that the seceders to Rome have done more to weaken the Establishment than any amount of attack from without could do. This appeal will stir up the Church's true friends, and help to make the Puseyites declare their real purpose more openly.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The North British Review for August, No. 30. The same originality of thought, vigour of expression, and stern independence in principle which we have already noticed as characterising this new Quarterly Review, are visible throughout the present number, which handles with singular ability some very interesting topics. *The Social Science* is too Socialist in its tendencies, but still it is right that all opinions should be heard, that they may be answered if they are wrong. "The Net Results of 1848 in Germany and Italy" is a melancholy picture of reaction, second only in power to Mr. GLADSTONE's memorable pamphlet. "Typical Forms" is a

curious essay, showing the sort of family likeness there is between certain men not connected by birth or even by race. Mr. KINGSLEY's works are reviewed, but with too partial a pen. Good intentions are not a justification for unwise deeds. "Character in Architecture" is an excellent treatise on an art that has lately become fashionable in England, and "The Great Exhibition" is the appropriate theme of a paper which is one of the best of the many to which that event has given occasion.

The Dublin University Magazine for the present month opens with a Summer Symposium of some rich fruits and rare flowers. Mr. JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY introduces us to his suburban villa overlooking the sea, where it bathes the pleasant village of Dalkey some half-dozen miles from the Irish Metropolis. The second article, a review of "The British Officer," by J. H. STOCQUELER, is calmly and dispassionately written, and well worth perusal. We have also in the present number "Chatterton," a story of 1770, continued; "The History of Penderennis" by THACKERAY, in some places caustically yet truthfully reviewed; "Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune;" "Warm Water versus Cold or a trip to Warmbrunn in Prussia, and Grofenberg in Austrian-Silesia." The number closes with an interesting description of Irish rivers, the Malla and Allo-Spensers Streams, which will well repay perusal.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for August, is full of interest. A letter of Bossuet, Wordsworth's Memoirs, the Story of Nell Gwyn, continued from the copious stores of Mr. P. CUNNINGHAM, Christian Iconography and Legendary Art, by Mr. WALLER, Correspondence, History of the Month, and the copious and valuable Obituary for which *The Gentleman's Magazine* is unique, make up a number which recalls its ancient fame. A curious engraving exhibits Covent Garden Market in the time of Charles II. quite a suburb. It is difficult to realize the identity.

The Eclectic Review, for August, deals cleverly with many topics of present and permanent interest. Poetry, sculpture, travels, biography, ecclesiastical history, and animal magnetism, are severally passed in review. Upon the whole, it is inclined to support animal magnetism, as a fact in nature which ought to be investigated.

The ParLOUR Magazine, for August, contains translations from the Swedish, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, with some extracts from American authors. These are interesting. It is dull only when it attempts to be original.

Historical Half-Hours. "London." Part II. continues the account of the Metropolis, which will just now be so interesting to all who have visited it, or propose to do so.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, Part XIX., contains "Twelfth Night." This is the national edition, and it gives the whole of *Knight's Shakspeare*, with the illustrations and notes, at a tenth of the original cost.

Tallis's Illustrated London, Part XIV., contains no less than twelve views of London, engraved on steel, for sixpence, with descriptions!

The British Gazetteer, Part XXVIII., almost concludes the letter L. It is by far the most complete work of its kind, and is profusely illustrated with maps and engravings.

Hogg's Instructor, for August, contains papers of prose and poetry, essay, tale, and narrative, in imitation of *Chambers's Journal*.

Tail's Magazine, for August, has some interesting papers. Among them the most readable is entitled "Eastern Travels of the Season." "The Working Man's Way in the World" is another contribution that will reward perusal.

The Pictorial Family Bible, Part VIII., is the enlarged and cheapened edition of a work which has deservedly attained great popularity. The notes by Dr. KITTO are really illustrations of the text, and the engravings are numerous and very good.

Half-hours of English History, Part III., continues Mr. KNIGHT's admirable design of a collection of extracts from the best authorities relating to English history, arranged in chronological order. The part before us gleams from THIERRY, C. KNIGHT, LANDOR, SWIFT, BURKE, SOUTHY, HUME, KEATS, and GUIZOT. We much regret the introduction of a number of inferior dramatic scenes by a Mr. WHITE. They much diminish the value of the work.

Curiosities of Industry and the applied Sciences. By GEORGE DODD. Part I. This is the latest of Mr. C. KNIGHT's enterprises, and its design is not inferior to that of any of its predecessors. It proposes to collect all that is most curious in art, and science, and industry, and, accordingly, this first part contains a popular account of the Glass and Iron Manufactures.

The Family Friend, Vol. IV., is an amusing and instructive miscellany, having a variety of reading to please all tastes.

Tallis's Drawing-room Table Book of Theatrical Portraits, &c., for August, is a new name for *The Dramatic Magazine*. It has portraits of Mr. CRES-

WICK and Mrs. MOWATT, and copies of daguerreotypes of Mr. ALDRIDGE as "Mungo," in *The Padlock*, and Mr. MACREADY as "Virginius,"—the latter a wonderful likeness.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Esaias Tegnér's Samlade Skrifter [Collected Works of Esaias Tegnér.] Stockholm. 8vo.

ESAIAS TEGNÉR is already pretty well known in this country by his poems, *Axel*, *The Communicants*, and above all by his *Frithiof's Saga*. The latter has had the honour of five English translations—no small proof of the esteem in which it is held, as a work of genius, by those in this country who cultivate the literature of Sweden. But TEGNÉR deserves to be better known amongst us as a man and a prose-writer, as well as a poet; and this the first publication of his collected works, prefaced by a biographical notice from the pen of his son-in-law C. W. BOTTIGER, affords an opportunity of introducing our readers to the acquaintance of a great and good man, who now sleeps with his fathers.

TEGNÉR, on both the father and mother's side, was descended from the *bonder*, a peasant class of Sweden. Not many years since was to be seen in Tegnaby, in Smaland, the dilapidated cottage, covered with moss, with its two small windows, one in the roof, in which had dwelt "the grandfather of the bishop," and as such held in much veneration by the villagers. The name of this grandfather was LUCAS ESAISSION, a poor but God-fearing man, who with spade and plough laboured to support a family of fourteen. Treasure he had none but his bible, and from this bible he named his children, as PAUL, and JOHN, and ENOCH, and his youngest he named ESAIAS. But before this ESAIAS was born, he had removed and settled down on a small freehold, which had belonged to his wife's ancestors. Here he died. The elder brothers of ESAIAS inherited their father's plough and became farmers—ESAIAS inherited his bible and became priest. First he was tutor in the family of a Baron, at some twelve pounds, English money, a year—labouring as poor students are often obliged to labour,—labouring, in this case, to drive some Greek and Latin into the heads of the four sons of the Baron. Then he was ordained to the ministry in the pastorate of Kila, where he made the acquaintance of the provost, or dean, of the district, and ultimately married the eldest of the "provost's three fair daughters," as they were long termed in local song—SARA MARIA SEIDELIUS. The couple lived happily together. Sons and daughters grew up around them—the faster, as it often happens, the smaller their means were. The neighbouring pastorate of Millesvik became vacant however; the young clergyman applied for it and was nominated second candidate just before was born, on the 13th November, 1782, his fifth child, our poet, who was christened ESAIAS after his father. "Whatever will become of this child?" was the question asked of themselves at the christening by the parents, the sponsors, the aunt, and Magister HEDENGRAN from Amal. Time gave the answer—the child was cared for. Two years afterwards his father obtained the living he sought for, and died in 1792, leaving a widow and six children to sorrow for him. His son describes him as having been "a happy preacher, a cheerful companion, and an active tiller of the ground." His mother he speaks of as having been "distinguished by her piety, her kindness and religious affections."

Not much is told of his childhood, but it would seem that he early awoke to a consciousness of existence. In his old age he remembered much that had occurred to him when almost a babe. He recollected, for instance, when, as a two year's child he sucked the breast of the nurse of his younger brother, and the white coffin wherein this brother was laid, about the same time, and carried to the churchyard. He remembered the colour of his clothes, and, what perhaps is not so astonishing, had a vivid recollection of his first whipping. He appears to have had little education up to his ninth year. The death of the father brought poverty into the house of the widow. A small sum that had been saved to complete the education, at Lund University, of the two elder sons, was expended on the funeral, and for a time they had to be kept at home. His mother, however, had taught him to read as she sat at her spinning-wheel. He could reckon and write—nothing more. Nevertheless his mind was gradually expanding, and under the birches

of Ingridur, and on the mound under which slept some ancient hero, the seeds of song were taking root in his being.

It was about the time when TEGNÉR was ten years old, that good JAKOB BRANTING, assessor and royal bailiff in one of the quarters of Wernland, who had known his father in his youth, resolved to take and care for him. BRANTING took him into his house to assist him in his office. He now wrote a fair hand and gave promise of becoming a good bookkeeper and accountant. At BRANTING's desk he first knew the pleasures of industry—from the back-seat of BRANTING's chaise he first beheld the beauties of Wernland. Never were to be effaced from his mind the impressions of the changing landscape, the blooming dells, the smiling fields, the clear lakes and the gushing streams, nor the sights and sounds of active life—the busy plough, the splashing mill-wheel, the ring of anvils, and song from fields and green woods. BRANTING collected the royal rents in these expeditions, and TEGNÉR wove verses from fancy. Prose and poetry in the two jogged happily on together—BRANTING everywhere extolling the cleverness of his young assistant.

But now grew up in the heart of ESAIAS a love of reading—that first love which never grows old, but which grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength—never rejected for a second. Nature spoke to him, and books taught him better to understand her utterances. On the green hillock, or under the linden, the boy would sometimes get so absorbed in his page as to neglect some necessary duties. He had once to watch a field-gate during the hay harvest; but the cattle, knowing possibly their dreamy keeper, stole into the forbidden clover. His appetite was keen, and literary fare of any sort never came amiss to him—science, history or fable, it was all one. "I had at this time," he says, "made acquaintance with the old northern sagas. When I began to rhyme I cannot remember, but certainly there was no circumstance in my uniform life left unsung." It was now that worthy JAKOB BRANTING began to have no small strife within himself. On one hand his growing affection for his foster-son, made him believe that nothing would so much gladden his old age as to leave him at once, if possible, his business and his daughter; on the other hand he was almost disquieted at the youth's aspirations, higher he thought than suited his vocation. "He is somewhat too great," he thought, "to be a king's bailiff. Esse is too good to be sitting at home writing cyphers with me," he was many times heard saying. A circumstance determined him. "One evening," writes TEGNÉR, "as I was returning home from Carlstad with assessor BRANTING, it was bright star-light, and my religious foster-father took occasion to talk with me about the power of God and the visible manifestations of it in all nature. I had just been reading BASTHOLM's *Philosophy for the Unlearned*, and repeated what I had read therein about the starry heavens and the laws that regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies. This struck the old man, who a few days afterwards said to me, that he had resolved I should study. This had long been my secret wish, though I had not ventured to express it. "You can learn nothing more from me," he said, "and I believe you were born to something better. If such be—added he—never forget to thank the Giver of all good." Here I remarked my want of means; but he said to me, "the Lord will provide an offering, and he will not forget me. Thou shalt go to thine eldest brother, to whom I have already written on this matter."

To his brother he accordingly went at the age of fourteen. This brother was tutor to the sons of Captain LOWENHJELM, into whose house ESAIAS was received on the recommendation of BRANTING. The captain was already the father of nine children, and though his means were limited, he did not hesitate to receive him, who was thus commended to his care—"Brother! this ESAIAS TEGNÉR, who has been with me as clerk, has all too great a head and capacity to go the simple round of an office. You, who have his brother as preceptor to your lads, must, as TEGNÉR is bare of means to study, take him into your house, that he may avail himself of his brother's instructions." At this time the Swedish was the only language he was acquainted with. But now he began to study the Latin and made great advances. Before the year's end he had read through *Cornelius Nepos*, and *Telemachus* in French. Subsequently he commenced the study

of the Greek, and, unaided, acquired a knowledge of the English through MACPHERSON'S *Ossian*. After a stay of fifteen months in the house of the captain, he removed with his brother to the iron-works of Råmen, in the hill district of Filipstad, where the latter had received an appointment as tutor. Twenty years before this spot had been a mere wilderness of wood and rock, now it was filled with gardens, and terraces, and a busy population, owing to the skill and enterprise of CHRISTOPHER MYHRMAN, who produced at that time the best iron in all Sweden—a learned and benevolent man, whose hills had not more iron in them than he had in his will. In this man's house TEGNÉR found that greatest of God-sends—a well-filled book-case of English, French, Greek, and Roman writers. Of SHAKESPEARE'S works there was only *Hamlet*—"which singularly enough," he says, "interested me very little. He demanded a riper age than mine then was." Here study and healthy sports did much to improve both the mind and health of the youth. Here, too, he made that discovery which communion with great authors forces upon the ingenious. "I now rhymed seldom; for the acquaintance I had now made with the great and veritable poets, taught me to regard my own attempts as altogether childish."

In 1799, TEGNÉR went to study in Lund, assisted by the liberality of MYHRMAN and his good foster-father BRANTING. Here, under celebrated teachers, he made great progress in philosophy, languages, and the mathematics, studying, as he tells us, from eighteen to twenty hours a day. In 1802 he took his examination for candidate and obtained the highest mark, or *laudatur*. But now an incident occurred, the only one worth mentioning in his college life which, as he says, was nearly leading to his expulsion from the academy, the destroying of all his prospects there, and giving an entirely new direction to his pursuits. The Academicus Rector for the year was unpopular on account of his aristocratic predilections. One May evening, crossing the Lundagård (the college promenade), TEGNÉR saw an unusual crowd of students, all armed with boughs and branches of newly cut-down trees. These prunings had been made by order of the Consistory to promote the growth of the trees, but the students believed they had been made by order of the rector. "As soon as I came up," he writes, "I was surrounded by the whole swarm, with the cry, '*Primus shall go with us!*'" It was in vain that I explained, that I had heard how it had been the act of the entire Consistory and not of the rector alone, and that I was not able to take part in their proceedings; I was cried down, armed with a branch, like the rest, and must follow them. They then went, in procession, to the rector's house, where a loud shout was raised of *Pereat Rector, vivat Lundagård*, when all the boughs and branches were cast down before the entrance of the house, entirely blocking up the door! Thereafter they proceeded along the street giving *vivats* for their favourite professors, and on their return a *pereat* for the rector. Next day, being called before the supposed peccant authority, he did not deny that he had been present, but denied complicity, telling frankly his share in the proceedings. The rector explained, what he already knew, that the trees had been cut down, not to destroy, but to beautify Lundagård, and, upbraiding him with ingratitude, threatened his expulsion from the Academy. "The constitutions distinctly require, that you must *relegari cum infamia*. It grieves me to spoil your fortunes, but all this may be yet prevented if you will tell the names of those who took part in this act of insubordination." Thus spoke the rector, but TEGNÉR indignantly refused to save himself by betraying his companions, and finally, by the aid of the other professors, to whom also the rector was obnoxious, he was spared the shame of expulsion.

In his nineteenth year he took his degree in the University of Lund, and immediately after hurried off to Wernland, to embrace his mother and to visit the grave of his elder brother, LARS GUSTAF, who had died of a putrid fever. The loss of this brother was his first great grief. He had been to him as a father. When, however, he came to the churchyard he found two graves instead of one, his only sister, BRITTA, having meanwhile fallen a victim to the prevalent contagion. But joy awaited him in the house of his first patron, JAKOB BRANTING, who received him with open arms. Nor less affectionate was his reception at Råmen by the iron-master MYHRMAN. Here his whole summer was one long

idyll, and we may guess that the fir-woods in the neighbourhood were witnesses to other language than disputations in philosophy, for there two fond hearts sware to each other, one fair evening in August, eternal constancy, and the traveller who approaches the village may still see carved upon a single stone outside the wood, the initials E. T. and A. M. Some three years after, when TEGNER had proved himself a successful teacher in the Academy where formerly he had been a pupil, and was equal to the expenses of house-keeping, the worthy owner of Råmen led both his daughters to the altar on the same day, and left the youngest, ANNA, in the hands of TEGNER. In his wife he found an affectionate companion and a sound economist—the latter no small acquisition in the household of a man whose income, according to FRANZEN, never exceeded sixty barrels of grain: public functionaries, and especially the clergy, in Sweden, being paid in kind, half rye and half corn, the barrel generally averaging half a guinea in value.

TEGNER's fame as a poet was now constantly increasing, and not the less so as a successful teacher, "All he taught," says his present biographer, "was clear and transparent as crystal." Lucidity of expression was his grand characteristic, and that which made his services in the University so valuable. Clear utterance is the product of clear thinking, or, as he says himself, in one of his poems:

Thou know'st not what thou canst not clearly say;
Born on man's lips are thoughts and words together,
Th' obscurely spoken is th' obscurely thought.

The skill and genius of the teacher and poet won for him, in 1812, the chair of Greek literature in Lund, and at the same time the living of Ståffe as his prebend.

He was now entered among the clergy, and wrote on the occasion *Prestvigningen* (the consecration to the Priesthood), "a poem beaming with heavenly beauty," as FRANZEN pronounces it. On Whitsunday, 1813, he preached his presentation sermon. It expresses his frank and kindly nature. "I come before you," he said, "with poor experience, but at the same with an honest heart. Meet me, therefore, with your confidence and overlook my deficiencies! Remember that other duties bind me, which I must not neglect. I cannot, as I would, live amongst you, cannot know all your domestic circumstances, cannot share your daily joys and sorrows. But do not let this circumstance exclude me from your remembrances; it depends not upon myself but on others, and henceforth to none of you shall my house be strange or my heart closed." And he kept his word. He was not only the spiritual guide, but a father to his people. His advice and door were both ever open to them. "At Lund they drove into his court-yard, fed at his table, and were honourably entertained by his wife and children." It was this, his generous and affable disposition, that won him the respect of the clergy of Smaland, so much so, that subsequently, in 1824, their suffrages placed him first in the list to fill the vacant bishopric of Wexiö. Previous to this his renown as a poet had procured his election as a member of the Swedish Academy, in the room of the celebrated OXENSTJERNA, whose eulogium he pronounced in most eloquent terms. But before we follow him to Wexiö, it may not be uninteresting to visit the poet's home at Lund, in BÖTTIGER's company:

We are now in Lund, and find there, at the corner of Grayfriar and Monastery-street, a white dwelling-house, roomy, and neat in appearance. This, with its little orchard, is the skald's property; he has owned it since 1814. On the high stone-stairs before it, we see several curly-haired children playing with a lively black-nosed pug. This is the skald's favourite dog the far-famed Atis, which has never been away from him for the last twelve years, and has never neglected a Greek lecture. When his master enters the desk, Atis follows him and takes his place at his feet. Should the professor at any time be forgetful of the lecture hour, Atis pulls him by the skirts of his coat, and then he knows that the hour has struck. We enter the house and leave to our left the family room. On our right we enter a large saloon, and within this lies the poet's study; but before we open the door, we must first listen if there be any sound of a heavy tread and a soft, uniform hum, for, if so, it is a token that the skald is with the Muses. When thus he walks and hums, we know that something is on foot: all then leave him at peace, and even Atis takes his station outside on the landing. But—the skald is now absent, and we enter his workroom. What do we find? An unpretending student's room, with two windows, filled with books from floor to ceiling, a brown painted desk

placed before a pearl-coloured sofa, and for the rest nothing remarkable, except two hollows in the floor, at opposite corners of the apartment. These are the two points where the poet turns during his chamber wanderings: even the boards have received the impress of his poetry. In this room there is nothing farther to be seen; but it was under this lowly roof, that *Frithiof* first saw the day; at this brown desk, that *The Children of the Sacrament* (*Nattvardsbarnen*) was written; and upon this pear-coloured sofa, that the convalescent skald composed his *Azel*.

His appointment to Wexiö he received more with sorrow than with joy. He had not taken a single step to obtain the nomination, and he did not take a single step to obtain the royal sanction to it. He finished his lectures on *TRUCYDIDES*, laid down his office as professor, took an affectionate farewell of his pupils, and in 1826 removed to his diocese. It is doubtful, however, whether he was here in his proper position, more useful to literature, and happier within himself than if he had continued to hold the Academic chair. He was more cut off from society, and engaged in an entirely new round of duties. These he determined to discharge with his usual conscientiousness. He now studied more deeply ancient and modern theology, desirous not to be ignorant of anything pertaining to his office, and that he might not, as he said, "be made ashamed in the presence of his clergy." In summer he travelled much about his diocese, made visitations, consecrated churches, and made himself acquainted with the condition and state of education among the people. He was a great reformer of Church abuses, and an opponent to everything that savoured of sect or fanaticism. He reached, one summer evening, a remote parsonage where, within the memory of man, a bishop had never been seen. After a space the two daughters of the house were seen coming across the court-yard, bearing a tub of water. To the question, why they had undertaken such heavy work, they answered, "should we not account it an honour to get water for the bishop's horses?"

While busied with his episcopate, he did not entirely forget his lyre; but from this time we have no great poem from his pen. The reason must be sought for in his bad state of health and the many cares of office. With respect to the latter, he writes: "You see that I have much, or, if you will, taken upon myself much to do. I know that many of my friends, especially the literati, lament this, and think that I could turn my time to better account. It is true, that I have little thanks for what I am doing; but he is a sorry fellow who demands thanks for doing his duty. The consciousness of having performed that as well as one understands it, is also worth something, is, of all ambitions, the most praiseworthy. A great genius may live exclusively for an art or science, and place in this the object of his life: we others do best, I conceive, not to sacrifice duty for vanity, and to let the little literary honour that is destined for us, come of itself, without anxious endeavours and selfish calculations." And, we believe, there was no affectation in writing thus. He did not trouble himself to gain what he termed "debauching" popularity, nor care whether he should be famous with posterity. "If I am forgotten," he would say, "in a few years sooner or later it will just be the same to me." Vanity had no place in his nature. He declined to accept the letter of nobility offered to him by CARL JOHAN, amidst the general enthusiasm of the Swedish Academy, and received in its stead the order of the North Star, and on other occasions he evaded rather than courted marks of public favour.

It must not be supposed, however, that there was any austerity or gloominess in his disposition. Never was there a more cheerful, social, kind-hearted man, or one more beloved by all who knew him. At the University he had been distinguished by his bashfulness and retired habits. He joined in none of the sports or pastimes of the other students. But after his college life was over, his true nature manifested itself. Now he was as boisterous as he had formerly been sedate; full of fun and mirth, and humour. He was the soul of every company, brilliant in conversation, a smile ever playing on his good-natured countenance. In the "Herberge," a kind of literary club composed of the younger officers of the University, where, he says, "they played at ball with ideas and witticisms," he is stated by FRANZEN to have been "the man who was most willingly listened to both for his striking *mots* and his amiable character." If he occasionally indulged in sarcasm, he agreeably tickled rather

than hurt the subject of it. He made the acquaintance of the most eminent scholars, writers and poets of his country. Early with GEIJER, who has since become famous all over Europe as an historian; with CHORÆUS, a poet of the old school, but a good one; with LING, famous for his fencing and verses; with ATTERBOM, who, in some respects, resembles our own WORDSWORTH; with FRANZEN, a first-rate scholar and poet, who also wrote a sketch of his life; in short, with all the most distinguished literati and savans of the day.

But we must now draw to a close.

The poet had long suffered through an affection of the liver, and about 1840 his system began to break up entirely; and he was often obliged to absent himself from the diets of the clergy. The pain he suffered on some occasions was intense. "God preserve my reason!" he says, in one of his confidential letters, "a vein of madness runs through my system. With me it has hitherto broken out in poetry, which is a milder sort of frenzy; but who can be assured that it will always take this course?" In the last year of his life, he lay mostly on his sofa, reading what the day brought him. He was never without a volume of *ARIOSTO* or *SCOTT* by his side. In the midst of pain he endeavoured to be blithe and cheerful. Sometimes he was able to ride out in his chaise; but, at length, struck with paralysis on the left side, he was entirely confined to his bed. His head regained its clearness, however, and his voice its former fullness. The night only before his decease he was slightly delirious, and talked of *GOETHE*, whom he fancied to be his countryman, born in Wermland. Calmly and contentedly he approached his end. Light and water still restored him to consciousness. One day when the bright rays of an autumnal sun burst into the sick-room, he exclaimed with fervour, "I lift up my hands to God's hill and house;" words he frequently repeated, and his last. To his absent children he sent his farewell, and to his eldest son a ring, with a portrait of *LUTHER*, which he had worn thirty years upon his finger. He died shortly before midnight, November 2nd, 1846. Scarcely a sigh betrayed to the wife, who knelt before him, that life had departed; but she read in his countenance, lit up by a transient gleam of moonshine, blessed peace and celestial rapture. On the spot where stood, till 1845, the house of his grandfather, the affectionate villagers have reared a simple tombstone to his memory, bearing the inscription—

ESAIAS TEGNER,
Born 13 Nov. 1782,
Died 2 Nov. 1846.

Here was his cradle,
In Wexiö his grave,
In Song his memory.

We have only attempted a bare outline of the life and character of a great poet and teacher, as well as good man. In his life there was nothing eventful, and its romance was in the spotless purity of his character. The English reading public must already be aware of the estimation in which he is held by English critics as a poet. The eulogiums of his own countrymen are, no doubt, higher and warmer. FRANZEN, who was capable of estimating his genius, thus speaks of it in the concluding paragraph of his biographical notice of him:—"Notwithstanding all that is Northern in the spirit and in the subject of his productions, his poetry has all the richness and luxurious beauty of the South. Indeed, as respects his bright fresh colouring, and the ever-springing wealth of his thoughts and images, he may be compared to the verdant crown of an orange tree, whose strong and pure-beaming green is adorned with full ripe fruit side by side with the newly-opened blossom!"

Of his prose writings we have not left ourselves space, on this occasion, to speak. They consist chiefly of academical discourses and addresses to the pupils and children in the schools of his diocese. They are carefully composed, elegant in language, abundant in thought, and full of poetry and tenderness. The children, especially, he addresses with all the affection and encouragement of a parent. To the cause of popular education he was a warm friend, and his discourses on educational subjects possess great interest and value at the present moment, when our attention is, on every hand, being directed to better and more extensive means for giving instruction to the rising generation.

Les Socialistes Depuis Fevrier. Par M. JULES BREYNAT, Docteur en Droit.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

HERE is what M. BREYNAT has to tell us of LEDRU ROLLIN, whom he seems to think a good fellow in the main:—

As a member of the Provisional Government, Ledru Rollin represented the most advanced class of republicans. Enlightened, however, by the knowledge acquired through the possession of power, rising, in some measure, to the greatness of his new position, he felt the deepest horror for the drugs of his party. The energetic and ferocious men who had lent their strong arms to place him so high, and to sustain him there, filled him with repugnance and disgust. He was an artist in revolutions. Commanding gestures, sonorous words, eloquent wraths were his delight. Danton thundering in the Convention was his model, his ideal; but from the fierce Danton of the September massacres, he shrunk as from pollution. Ardently attached to the splendours of life, boiling over with impetuous passions, while pleasure attracted him, the sight of blood made him shudder. Urged on unceasingly by those who, during the peaceful struggles which marked Louis Philippe's government, had been accustomed to regard him as the future chief of the Republic, he yielded to them in the way that feebleness always yields to force and obstinacy. But when he beheld the excesses of the mob, his only feeling was one of terror and alarm; and yet he belonged with all his heart and soul to his party. He belonged to it as the fascinated bird belongs to the serpent which is about to devour it. In vain he tried to retrace his steps; in vain he oscillated between Lamartine and Blanqui. A fatality over which he seemed to have no control turned the scale. The declivity on which he was placed was rapid and slippery, and nothing could stop him in his descent. A man of bold and eloquent speech, he was incapable of action, weak in character, his friendships were his ruin.

Ledru Rollin had powerfully contributed to the circumstances out of which the Republic grew. Whilst the Parliament, drowsily floating on the tranquil waters of the Monarchy, did not venture beyond a timid and hesitating opposition; he had ventured to the utmost lengths that audacity could conceive or incite. Inspired by the men of the Convention, he turned to see once more those great events when eloquence was stronger than armies. He longed for the past, for its tumults and its convulsions. He was the spectre of another epoch; and his colleagues, whilst admiring his talents, smiled at the strange reminiscences he was so fond of recalling.

Finally the day arrived when, for a moment, the reminiscence was to become a fact; when the past was to spring to life again in the agonies of the present. That day was the last of royalty. Louis Philippe, surprised by a revolution which he had thought only a riot, fled by a private door from his palace. The widow of the Duke of Orleans came with her two children to seek refuge among the representatives of the nation. The Assembly was moved by all these events. The fierce roar of the insurrection grew louder and louder. It was one of those grand revolutionary days which Ledru Rollin had so often seen in his dreams. The ancient times, the times of sixty years ago, seemed to have returned. The majority, overcome by doubt and fear wished to place on the head of the grandson the crown which had just fallen from the head of the grandfather. Strange and supreme moment, such as decide the destiny of empires. It was then that Ledru Rollin spoke with the audacity of the tribune for whom the tempest is the natural element. When he had concluded, the Chamber still hesitated. A man, a word, one of those accidents, grains of sand which weigh often more than a world in the fate of nations, was to determine whether the republic or the monarchy was thenceforth to be the government of France. Lamartine rose in the midst of a hesitating assembly, himself hesitating. Yielding to emotion, or to destiny, he gave his voice in favour of the republic which he had just been celebrating in his work on the *Girondists*—the republic whose gloomy depths he had laid bare with the pen of the historian. Had his recent employment as a historian fascinated him? Had he become a republican in writing the history of the republic? Or had that faith sprung from his oscillations—from his meditations? No one knows; perhaps he does not know even himself. Was he doing wisely or unwisely in declaring for the republic? That the future hides behind its mysterious veil!

The present work is not a history; but the man I wish to paint has been so mixed up with the events that have happened since February, 1848 that I cannot speak of him without touching on all those facts in the midst of which he has played so prominent a part.

Though Ledru Rollin has long been a republican, his conversion to Socialism has been recent. He allied himself with the Socialists that he might receive from them an accession of strength as an agitator and a combatant. On their side the Socialists have lent him their

co-operation, their votes in the electoral committees, their muskets in insurrectionary movements: an alliance of disorder which would have ended in horrible disasters if the Fates had been favourable to it. Yet this fusion of the Terrorists and the Socialists has been slow. It was not completely sealed till after the blood of June had flowed. Till that epoch Ledru Rollin had been the champion of the Terrorists alone. Having arrived at power, he used every effort to revive in France the ancient traditions of the first Republic. Everywhere this revolution had abolished capital punishments for political offences and assumed milder aspects than its predecessors, and was saluted as the hope of the future. All over the country the citizens transformed into soldiers, went in procession, their weapons of war adorned with flowers to perpetuate the remembrance of the birth of Liberty in France. The young girls clothed in white gave to those *fetes* the charm of innocence; the clergy so fiercely attacked in the clubs of Paris came to bring to those transports the sanction of prayers and of religion. Worn out with the delights of a long peace, dissatisfied with inaction, troubled by the shame of numerous scandalous transactions, France, which had fallen asleep in the evening as Royalist, awoke Republican in the morning, intoxicated with youth, with faith, and with fraternity. Old political enemies which had remained implacable under royalty embraced each other lovingly over the cradle of the young Republic. Paris itself, exhausted by tumult and by manifestations, was subsiding into calm; the Terrorists who formerly had besieged the provisional government with their importunities, forsaken by public opinion, had taken refuge in the clubs, the last asylum of their fury. Ledru Rollin had a beautiful mission to fulfil, which consisted in leaving France free in the choice of its representatives. But the shadows of 1793 disturbed his brain. The men of his party surrounded him and stimulated his ambition. All the evil elements of society had their eyes turned toward him, for he was their chief hope. And yet the tribune of the Red Republic was better than his reputation. He wished to parody a by-gone epoch, but to the extent only that it could be made an imposing spectacle. He wished the terrors of the revolutionary scene, but he did not wish its terrible realities. It must be said in praise of Ledru Rollin, that however great or numerous the faults he may have committed, he resisted for a time courageously the impatience of his party. Not wishing to give them the reality of terror he gave them its semblance. He inundated France with conspirators, sent them in every direction to revolutionize the country. And then the circular of the 12th March appeared, a brand of discord thrown into the midst of a peaceful land. It is said that the circular was prepared and despatched without the knowledge of Ledru Rollin, and that he became acquainted with its existence only through the explosion of public wrath which it caused. However this may be, the hour of struggle had evidently arrived. Power, always so feeble immediately after a revolution, was divided at the Hotel de Ville as on the street; face to face stood opposing parties: a spark might bring a general conflagration. Lamartine represented moderation, progress, striving to prepare a brilliant career by means of free institutions; his force was that of public opinion. Ledru Rollin, on the contrary, personified in the Government extreme parties, detested traditions. An army formidable not by its number but by its despair and its passions awaited his signal. The circular of the 12th of March was a declaration of war. And so it was viewed by Lamartine, who immediately wrote a proclamation intended to be a disavowal of the circular of Ledru Rollin. The Government met to discuss the proclamation, which, after a stormy discussion, was accepted with some modifications. The attitude taken on this occasion by the provisional government under the inspiration of Lamartine carried to its height the fury of the Terrorist party, which demanded that the Government should rid itself of that moderate faction whose influence, if permitted, would enervate the Revolution. Causidiere placed himself at the head of this movement. It was he that organised what took place on the 17th of March, the object of which was to purge the Government of its obnoxious elements. But thanks to the divisions that existed among the missionaries and soldiers of disorder the result of the movement was indecision. Speeches were delivered and applauded, and that was all. But the explosion which took place on the 10th of April showed that the plot had only been postponed. What was the part that Ledru Rollin played during this period of agitation? Was he leagued with men of the 17th of March and the 16th of April? Was he the secret chief of these criminal attempts? Or rather victim of the feebleness of his character, has he been dominated by his friendships? Had he not the courage to resist the urgent and extreme desires and schemes of his party? On this subject we have not all the light which we need, and conjecture alone is permitted.

We take a part of M. BREYNAT's sketch of EMILE DE GIRARDIN:

When the men of February, assembled at the Hotel de Ville, pale still with their own victory, were distributing among themselves a power which the barricades had given them; when Paris, like a man who dreams, gazed astonished at an overthrow which the hand of chance had brought with the rapidity of lightning; when from the agitation for reform sprang the Republic; when the people, amazed at their own achievements, sought to persuade themselves of the reality of their conquests by innumerable manifestations, which rolled on like long serpents along the quays and the boulevards to the sound of drums and under the waving of banners, a voice was heard, which cried Confidence, Confidence. This word, inspired by the heart, spread, was repeated from one end of the country to the other, encouraging the feeble, cheering the timid, and giving force and hope to all. The Republic, which rose before France like a bloody phantom of 1793, dragging after it the sombre train of its elder sister, the Republic was accepted. Thanks to this wise and welcome cry distrust was dissipated, and menacing presages disappeared. Thanks to this word, uttered by an immensely popular journal, thanks to judicious decrees given by the new power; all the world repeated the magic cry. Thanks to it the triple symbol, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity no longer presented itself as an obscure enigma; an enigma athirst for human blood, like those monstrous divinities of antiquity that could be appeased by nothing but horrible libations. Thanks to Emile de Girardin, chief editor of the *Presse*, the golden rays of hope illuminated the cradle of the Revolution of 1848: it was then that he spoke:—

"Confidence, Confidence; this is what will save order, and, through order, liberty, peace, national independence will be saved. Let all the shops be reopened, let business not be interrupted, let commerce and the banks pursue their usual career, let the Exchange resume its operations. Wo to him who is filled with distrust, for by distrust he is courting disaster."

Thus he spoke; and certainly the attitude of Emile de Girardin during this crisis was not that of a common man; for he raised the profession of a journalist to the height of an apostleship. All honest and independent souls in France could not help applauding him. A man by the single force of his talent and of his good sense had created for himself a true dictatorship over public opinion. But why must every ray have its shadow, every force its feebleness, every virtue its defect? Why have such high intelligences, such deep falls? Is man so made that the strongest and most robust are forced to pay their tribute to human weakness? Why has a man, so highly gifted as Emile de Girardin, wandered astray, like a common man in the thick shadows of his own pride? Why did the man who had so nobly commenced his task stop short in his path? Why, after having shouted far and wide the cry of Confidence, Confidence, did he utter the cry of Distrust, Distrust? Did his faith abandon him? Did he despair of the Republic and of his native land? No; he has replied. He has a thousand times repeated that he has never despaired of this new form of government. Then what is the secret of that furious war which he has carried on against all the men who have succeeded to power since February, 1848? What is the hidden motive of that bitterness and of that hatred.

More influential in some respects even than EMILE DE GIRARDIN is PROUDHON, of whom M. BREYNAT speaks thus:

Some years ago, a young man of a pensive and dreamy look was descending the solitary declivities of the Jura. His slenderly furnished portmanteau and his dress indicated one of the intermediate conditions placed between the indigence of the peasant and the competence of the class immediately above him. Yet, in spite of all these appearances of an ill-disguised poverty, the young traveller walked with a bold and resolute step. His eye beaming with intelligence embraced the horizon with the pride of a man to whom the world belongs; his lip curled with a smile of contempt and of disdain. One might have said that this was a king contemplating his dominions. Proudly carrying with him a manuscript recently finished, this singular peasant, whose name was Proudhon, was journeying towards Paris; that boundless field where good and evil reputations grow. Unknown of all, the young student was dreaming of glory. The sublime beauties of the mountain, the flowing meadows, the shadow of the woods, had no power to tear him from his thoughts. He scarcely saluted with a glance these beloved companions of his early youth. Having studied when very young the works of Rousseau, Proudhon had early comprehended that fame is a capricious thing, and that to fix the attention of a world sceptical and exhausted by excesses, it was necessary to begin with one of those bold inventions which upset all received ideas, and manifest themselves with the magnificence of thunder. Rousseau, his favourite master, had cut out the path for him to follow; a bizarre and brilliant paradox had been the

germ of his renown; in the arts the first efforts of famous masters had been the same; Géricault, Berlioz, Hugo, had discovered the way to galvanize public opinion by the aid of those courageous conceptions which belong to no school, and blossomed out in the sun of popular favour without any apparent tradition, like those unknown flowers brought from some nameless island by the wind of the sea. Proudhon brought with him something better than the paradox of his master; something better than the poetry or the dreams of Victor Hugo, namely, a definition of property, a definition strange, impossible, and so incredible that it touched on the limits of madness. There was no alternative for its author but to be put in a madhouse or to become a celebrated man. But he who professed a sovereign contempt for humanity, who had long meditated on the weakness and folly of mankind, never doubted for a moment of his success. And assuredly, if you had offered him immense treasures for his manuscript, he would have rejected it with anger and disdain.

"The definition of property is mine," he says, "and all my ambition is to prove that I have comprehended its sense and extent. PROPERTY IS THEFT; there is not uttered once in a thousand years a declaration like that. I have no property in the world but this definition of property; but to me it is more precious than the millions of Rothschild, and I venture to say that it will be the most considerable event in the reign of Louis Philippe."

And yet it must be confessed this discovery which PROUDHON claimed with so much pride, which he announced with so much pretence and noise, did not belong to him. This pretended destroyer of property delivered to the public a piece of property which was not his own, a creation of which he was not the author. Half a century previously BRISSOT had said, *Exclusive Property is a robbery in Nature: (Philosophical Researches on the right of Property and on Theft.)* No doubt the saying of BRISSOT had been forgotten, for the definition of PROUDHON was successful in exciting the greatest attention, and PROUDHON himself had a narrow escape from being a martyr to persecution.

ATTICUS.

MUSIC.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

MR. BUNN has once again become the lessee of *Derry Lane*.—There is a chance of Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps parting company: and the former meditates building a new theatre in the New Road.—The English Glee and Madrigal Concerts are flourishing, and further concerts are still announced. National concerts are to be resumed in the early autumn.—A clever lithograph has been issued by M. Baugnet containing portraits of all the artists who performed at the meetings of Mr. Ella's Musical Union during the past season.—The *Toronto Chronicle* gives a melancholy account of the death of one of the Kemble family while playing at the St. Louis Theatre. During the performance, a large iron, suspending a lamp from the ceiling, slipped from its fastenings on to the head of Mrs. Shea, and struck her dead on the stage. "Mrs. Shea," adds the *Chronicle*, "came to America as Miss Kemble,—and is the grand-daughter of Stephen Kemble, and grandniece of the famous Mrs. Siddons. Her husband is at present in New Orleans."

ART JOURNAL.

The Seven Periods of English Architecture defined and illustrated. By EDMUND SHARPE, M.A., Architect. London: Bell.

RICKMAN, who is still the authority, divides church architecture in England into four periods or styles; Mr. SHARPE ventures upon a different classification, and divides the history of our national architecture into seven periods, which he designates by the convenient, because characteristic, titles of—1. The Saxon Period. 2. The Norman. 3. The Transitional. 4. The Lancet. 5. The Geometrical. 6. The Curvilinear. 7. The Rectilinear. He describes minutely the distinguishing features of each of these periods, showing them to the eye by engravings, and adding a list of the principal edifices that belong to each.

The amateur, equally with the professional architect, will profit by the study of this excellent volume, which is, indeed, almost a work of art, and superior as a drawing-room table book, so numerous and beautiful are the engravings.

Talk of the Studios.

A CELEBRATED sculptor of Paris has just received orders from the Greek Government to execute marble

busts of Admirals de Rigny and Codrington, to be placed in the Salle where the Senate holds its sittings.

—Lord John Russell has announced in the House of Commons his intention to bring forward next session a bill for the erection of a new National Gallery,—either in the immediate vicinity of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens or within the gardens themselves.—The model of the statue of Sir R. Peel, which is to be cast in bronze and set up at Bury St. Edmunds, has just been completed by Mr. Bailey. It is 10 feet in height, and represents the statesman in his ordinary dress, in the act of delivering a speech. The attitude is easy and natural; and for the likeness the sculptor has successfully followed Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated picture.—The promoters of the last Winter Exhibition of Modern British Art will open a second Exhibition during the coming season. Owing to the success of last year, upwards of eighty works having been sold without any charge whatever to the artist,—a great increase in the number of exhibitors is reckoned on.—The prosperity of the Society of Arts seems now to be established on a tolerably firm basis. By the report and balance-sheet laid before the late annual finance meeting it appeared that the income is still in advance of that of the last year, while it considerably exceeds the expenditure, and that no less than 700*l.* of old arrears have been liquidated.—Shortly after the death of Wordsworth, a committee was formed for the purpose of setting up a tablet to his memory in Grassmere Church, where he lies buried. This work, which was intrusted to Mr. Thomas Woolner, has now been completed:—and is thus described by *The Spectator*.—"Surrounded by a band of laurel leaves is the inscription, written by Professor Keble, under which the poet's head is sculptured in relief. The likeness to the man has received decisive praise from persons whose verdict is final; the intellectual likeness to the poet will be more widely appreciated, and recognised with as cordial an admiration. The meditative lines of the face, the thoughtful forehead and eye, the compressed sensitive mouth, are rendered with refined intelligence. In two narrow spaces at each side of the head are introduced the crocus and celandine, and the snowdrop and violet, treated with a rare union of natural beauty and sculptural method and subordination. Throughout, the delicately-studied execution shows that the work has been a labour of love."

—An interesting question lately came before the Jury Court of Scotland, in which Mr. Snare was plaintiff and the Earl of Fife defendant, with respect to the celebrated portrait of Charles I., by Velasquez. Mr. Snare, the plaintiff, is a bookseller in Reading, and purchased the portrait of a Mr. Kent, of Oxford, and afterwards exhibited it in Reading, London, and Edinburgh. While exhibiting it in Edinburgh the trustees of the Earl of Fife claimed it, presented a petition to the sheriff, and asserted that it had been stolen or surreptitiously abstracted from the collection of the late earl. After considerable litigation a case was submitted to a jury as to the damage sustained by Mr. Snare in having the picture seized under the warrant of the sheriff, and the loss in consequence of the profits arising from the exhibition of it. The damages were laid at 5,000*l.* On Saturday various witnesses, including Mr. Hermann, the well-known picture dealer, Mr. Mesnard, restorer, and Mr. Henry Robinson, historical engraver, Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.A., Mr. Bonar, R.A., and Mr. Harvey, R.A., were examined, and they gave it as their opinion that the picture was not a genuine Velasquez. Counsel having been heard, Lord Cowan charged the jury at considerable length; after which they retired, and returned into court with a verdict for the pursuer, awarding damages to the amount of 1,000*l.*, irrespective of solatium, which they did not take into consideration.—The last number of the *Canterbury papers*, just issued, contains four views of the settlement. The first shows the site of the town of Port Lyttleton, with the hills which separate it from the great plain, and the four ships of the first expedition; the second, the landing of the passengers from the *Cressy*, which was the last vessel of the expedition; the third, part of the great plain, at an elevation of 800 feet above the sea; and the last, the rivers Courtenay and Hinds. These views form an admirable and indispensable supplement to the information already published relative to this most interesting experiment, and they cannot fail to awaken new interest in the objects, plans, and proceedings of the founders.

—We are glad to hear that Mr. Richardson, the sculptor and restorer of mediæval sculpture, has just successfully put together and renovated the two noble sitting statues in Wells Cathedral, supposed to represent King Edward, the eldest son Alfred, and Adelmo, first Bishop of Wells (the former was considered hopelessly shattered from its fall last autumn), with other mutilated details on the first buttress south of the centre west door of Wells Cathedral. These works have been carried out by the artist, under the patronage, and at the joint cost of the Dean and Chapter. Mr. Blakemore, M.P. for Wells, Dr. Markland, of Bath, and the Venerable Archdeacon Brymer. We trust that continued exertions may be made to secure this magnificent façade from further injury and decay by judicious reparation.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY LIVING ARTISTS OF ALL NATIONS.

Lichfield House, St. James's Square.

This is one of the novelties of the year—a collection of

pictures by artists of all the countries in Europe; an excellent idea, and, considering the circumstances incidental to such an attempt, a tolerably successful one.

There are specimens of the modern English, French, Belgian, German, and Dutch schools; among the first we recognise several old friends. Mr. E. M. WARD's *Diagrace of Clarendon*, where the dismissed minister is descending the steps of the palace exposed to the sneers of the court-butterflies gathered in the gardens, appears slightly improved in tone. A Fruit piece, by LANCE, entitled *Preparation*, we remember to have seen at the Royal Academy. Mr. ANTHONY contributes No. 164, a view of *The Lake of Killarney*, one of the most impressive landscapes which has ever come under our notice; a heavy mass of cloud broods over the darkened lake with admirable effect and power. It is certainly the most striking lake-view we have seen.

France is most unworthily represented by a variety of works, in the style of DAVID. MONS. BLARD has some humorous sketches, but by no means anything worthy of him. Of Belgian art we have several sketches which are really odious. The artist's name is, however, slightly redeemed by a large picture of *Boccaccio reading the Decameron to Jean of Naples and the Princess Mary*, where some portions of the design are excellent, and the faces good; but there is not the slightest attempt to refer to nature for qualities of form or flesh-colour. No. 183, *Two Children's Heads*, hung very high on the walls, has much character and artistic thought in it. No. 89, *Domestic Happiness of an Artist in the time of Louis XIII.*, consists of an artist and his wife watching the gambols of two naked infants (apparently twins), who are placed on cushions on the floor. The expression and design are good, and the detail of the picture, the scene of which is a studio, most carefully and elaborately given; but withal there is a very unpleasant hardness and polish upon every thing, entirely the reverse of natural effect. It is by A. ROEHM, Paris.

A large picture of *The Death of Nelson*, which it is proposed to present by subscription to Greenwich Hospital, is very powerful in character and expression, indeed, in the latter quality we have seldom seen it excelled. It is by a Belgian, ERNEST SLINGENWEIT: a most appropriate painting for the situation proposed. *Cromwell viewing the body of Charles the First*, by PAUL DELAROCHE, is far better placed than at the Royal Academy, where it appeared last year.

There are few other works deserving especial notice; an old picture by JAMES WARD, R.A., on the staircase, contains a *Bull*, which is a remarkable piece of animal painting.

We hope it is intended to make this exhibition annual, as in that case better contributors might be expected from the continent. The English portion of the collection is, at present, very far from a fair representation of art in England, though it comes nearer the truth than any other, unless it be the Belgian.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE ARTISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Your obliging insertion of my former letter encourages me to trouble you with one or two further notes respecting the pre-Raphaelite pictures. I had intended, in continuation of my first letter, to institute as close an inquiry as I could into the character of the morbid tendencies which prevent these works from favourably arresting the attention of the public; but I believe there are so few pictures in the Academy whose reputation would not be grievously diminished by a deliberate inventory of their errors, that I am disinclined to undertake so ungracious a task with respect to this or that particular work. Three points, however, may be noted, partly for the consideration of the painters themselves, partly that forgiveness of them may be asked from the public in consideration of high merit in other respects.

The most painful of these defects is unhappily also the most prominent—the commonness of feature in many of the principal figures. In Mr. Hunt's "Valentine defending Sylvia," this is, indeed, almost the only fault. Further examination of this picture has even raised the estimate I had previously formed of its marvellous truth in detail and splendour in colour; nor is its general conception less deserving of praise; the action of Valentine, his arm thrown around Sylvia and his hand clasping hers at the same instant as she falls at his feet, is most faithful and beautiful, nor less so the contending of doubt and distress with awakening hope in the half-shadowed, half-sunlit countenance of Juba. Nay, even the momentary struggle of Proteus with Sylvia, just past, is indicated by the trodden grass and broken fungi of the foreground. But all this thoughtful conception, and absolutely inimitable execution, fails in making immediate appeal to the feelings, owing to the unfortunate type chosen for the face of Sylvia. Certainly this cannot be she whose lover was—

As rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl.

Nor is it, perhaps, less to be regretted that while in Shakspeare's play there are nominally "Two Gentlemen," in Mr. Hunt's picture there should be only one—at least, the kneeling figure on the right has by no means the look of a gentleman. But this may be on purpose, for any one who remembers the conduct of Proteus throughout the previous scenes will, I think, be disposed to consider that the error lies more in Shakspeare's nomenclature than in Mr. Hunt's ideal.

No defence can, however, be offered for the choice of features in the left-hand figure of Mr. Millais' "Dove returning to the Ark." I cannot understand how a painter so sensible of the utmost refinements of beauty in other objects should deliberately choose for his model a type far inferior to that of average humanity, and unredeemed by any expression except that of dull self-complacency. Yet let the spectator who desires to be just turn away from this head, and contemplate rather the tender and beautiful expression of the stooping figure, and the intense harmony of colour in the exquisitely finished draperies; let him note also the ruffling of the plumage of the wearied dove, one of its feathers falling on the arm of the figure which holds it, and another to the ground, where, by the by, the hay is painted not only elaborately, but with the most perfect ease of touch and mastery of effect, especially to be observed because this freedom of execution is a modern excellence, which it has been inaccurately stated that these painters despise, but which, in reality, is one of the remarkable distinctions between their painting and that of Van Eyck or Hemling, which caused me to say in my first letter that "those knew little of ancient painting who supposed the work of these men to resemble it."

Next to this false choice of feature, and in connexion with it, is to be noted the defect in the colouring of the flesh. The hands, at least in the pictures of Millais, are almost always ill painted, and the flesh tint in general is wrought out of crude purples and dusky yellows. It appears just possible that much of this evil may arise from the attempt to obtain too much transparency—an attempt which has injured also not a few of the best works of Mulready. I believe it will be generally found that close study of minor details is unfavourable to flesh painting; it was noticed of the drawing by John Lewis, in the old water-colour exhibition of 1850 (a work which, as regards its treatment of detail, may be ranged in the same class with the pre-Raphaelite pictures), that the faces were the worst painted portions of the whole.

The apparent want of shade is, however, perhaps the fault which most hurts the general eye. The fact is, nevertheless, that the fault is far more in the other pictures of the Academy than in the pre-Raphaelite ones. It is the former that are false, not the latter, except so far as every picture must be false which endeavours to represent living sunlight with dead pigments. I think Mr. Hunt has a slight tendency to exaggerate reflected lights; and if Mr. Millais has ever been near a piece of good painted glass he ought to have known that its tone is more dusky and sober than that of his Mariana's window. But for the most part these pictures are rashly condemned, because the only light which we are accustomed to see represented is that which falls on the artist's model in his dim painting room, not that of sunshine in the fields.

I do not think I can go much further in fault-finding. I had, indeed, something to urge respecting what I supposed to be the Romanizing tendencies of the painters; but I have received a letter assuring me that I was wrong in attributing to them anything of the kind, whereupon, all I can say is, that instead of the "pilgrimage" of Mr. Collins's maiden over a plank and round a fishpond, that old pilgrimage of Christians and her children towards the place where they should "look the Fountain of Mercy in the face" would have been more to the purpose in these times. And so I wish them all heartily good speed, believing in sincerity that if they temper the courage and energy which they have shown in the adoption of their system with patience and discretion in pursuing it, and if they do not suffer themselves to be driven by harsh or careless criticism into rejection of the ordinary means of obtaining influence over the minds of others, they may as they gain experience, lay in our England the foundations of a school of art nobler than the world has seen for 300 years. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."
Denmark-hill, May 26.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Monday last Mr. BALFE, the able conductor of the now excellent orchestra at Her Majesty's, took his benefit, and I am happy to be able to record, for the honour of the operatic public, that he was most enthusiastically

greeted by an extraordinarily full house, considering the time of the year, and the more powerful attractions of green fields over yellow curtains. Mr. BALFE has had a vast number of drawbacks, all of which he has successfully overcome. The very fact of his being Mr. BALFE instead of Signor BALFINI, is enough, in the eyes of a certain class, to disqualify him, *ipso facto*, from leading at The Opera. With this "English-behind-the-world-in-everything" class, I have no dealings; and if they are contented in their ideas, "peace be to their ashes." When a great convulsion rove the then only opera to its foundation, carrying off in one fell swoop the great tenor, soprano, conductor, and most of the leading artists and instruments in the orchestra, Mr. BALFE found himself, with a new field and new fortunes, he had no competent leaders, or solo performers, in his orchestra, and a company that could scarcely command an audience off the stage, until the rising star of the great LIND "gilded" the darkening fortunes of the house. From this state of affairs Mr. BALFE, by untiring perseverance, has raised the orchestral power of Her Majesty's to its present state of efficiency. But in this work he has had innumerable difficulties. M. COSTA started with great "prestige," and with nearly all his old subordinates. Mr. BALFE, on the contrary, had everything to make; his orchestra at first was bad, decidedly bad, and because it once was bad, our good friends, the "Anti-British-talented," would be very indignant if I was to tell them that it is now good. Like the peasants in *Midus* they shout for *Pan*, and will not hear of *Pot*. In these few remarks it is far from my intention to cast any slight on the talent and ability of M. COSTA, or the orchestra at Covent Garden; both are acknowledged, and fully appreciated. I merely wish to suggest, that because COSTA is good, that is no reason that BALFE should be bad, and that in this wide world there is plenty of room for two good conductors. The labours of Mr. BALFE this season cannot have been light, the number of new operas that have been produced is unprecedented, and the toil of a conductor in arranging and drilling his orchestra, must have been no slight matter. Mr. BALFE has, however, overcome all difficulties, and gone triumphantly through the ordeal of the most trying season that has been known for very many years. Indeed, I very much doubt if ever there has been a season to equal the present, in the number and magnitude of its productions. The opera chosen on this occasion is one of Mr. BALFE's own. *I Guattro Fratelli*, an Italian version of *Les Quatres Fils d'Aymon*, originally composed for the Opera Comique at Paris, the libretto the work of MM. LÉVÉY and BRUNSWICK. As an English opera, it appeared at the Princess's during Mr. MADON's management. Of the many operas by Mr. BALFE, this is, perhaps, the most agreeable, lively, and spirited. The story is too well known to need comment. The part of *Emma* was deliciously sustained by SOPHIE CRUVELLI, who introduced two bravura airs by Mr. BALFE, not in the original MSS. The four sons of *Aymon* were GARDONI, PARDINI, MERCURIALI, and BALANCHI. MASSOL had a comic part, *Il Baerone*, which he played excellently. The old seneschal *Toone*, was admirably acted and sung by COLETTI. The whole opera went off in a manner reflecting the greatest credit on all hands. At the fall of the curtain, Mr. BALFE crossed the stage, amidst vociferous cheering.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. MITCHELL has brought us M. BOUFFE, after a retreat of nearly two years from "the boards," caused by bad health.

VAUXHALL.—Mr. WARDELL, the indefatigable and enterprising lessee of Vauxhall, took a well-deserved benefit on Wednesday evening at the gardens.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS A WINTER GARDEN.—The proprietors of the Indian Overland Diorama have added to their establishment a view of the Crystal Palace as a winter promenade. The scene is represented almost as one of the best of fairy land.

THE COLLOSSEUM has been thronged by country visitors lately. The fine pictures of "London by Day" and "Paris by Night," and the startling beauties of the Cyclorama, have been deemed only next in order to the wonders of the Crystal Palace.

THE LAPLAND GIANTNESS, whom we have seen, is really a giantess of fine proportions, measuring more than seven feet in height. Her companion is a Laplander of ordinary dimensions. The contrast between the couple is effective.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—I have observed that there at present exists among your correspondents and contributors some difference of sentiment as to the opinion entertained by the late David Scott respecting Emerson. As I long enjoyed the friendship of the ancient painter referred to, and was in occasional correspondence with him till near the close of his life, I am able to furnish what may contribute towards the settlement of the question at issue. I send you an extract from a letter which I received from Mr. Scott at the time of Emerson's late visit to Edinburgh, which letter contains a more distinct and careful statement of Scott's impressions of the essayist than has yet been given to the public. The

letter is dated 7th February, 1848, but an interruption having occurred in the writing of it, the portion which I extract is of date February 10. It is as follows:—

"10th February.—I have been interrupted with my letter and unwillingly had to delay sending it off. Last night Emerson arrived in Edinburgh, and immediately lectured. I heard him and afterwards supped with him, and this morning he was here at breakfast. It is curious to encounter the individual, after forming a picture from the works of an eminent man. I had expected characteristics in Emerson which the first view did not realize, since that, however, I find much that I can assimilate with his works in his person and bearing. He has a small-looking face and head, topping the rather sloping shoulders of a tall, long-necked, somewhat slender man, and his bearing is easy, with dignity and composure. His hands are prominently large in proportion to his head, his nose beaked, and under-lip a little projecting; altogether, there is, on first view, the impression of severity of character, and on meeting him in private that of steady gentleness and power."

Believing that the above extract will be conclusive of the matter on hand and interesting to all the friends and rapidly extending circle of admirers of the late poet-painter,

I am, Sir, your's &c.

A. L. SIMPSON.

Und. Presbyterian Manse, Forbes, 6th August, 1851.

QUAKERISM; OR THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL: THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have seen in THE CRITIC of July 15th a letter signed M. Y., on the subject of *Quakerism; or the Story of my Life*, and have received from the authoress a communication relative thereto. I beg to enclose a few extracts from the latter, trusting that you will do me the favour of inserting them in your next number.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SAMUEL B. OLDHAM, Publisher.

8, Suffolk-street, Dublin.

"MY DEAR MR. OLDHAM,—M. Y. says, 'I deserve the severest censure for mendacity,' because he, having lived in Cork during a life of considerable duration, never heard till now" of my story of the Crabs. M. Y. appears to forget (if he ever read) what is stated in the preface, that *if needful*, I could give the *real names* of persons and places, which, for obvious reasons, I have frequently avoided doing. M. Y. says the tale was printed in *The Glasgow Chronicle*, in 1820. Confirmation strong of the *substantial truth* of my story; that the discovery was made by a lady, he also confesses, and although he does not pretend to know who the lady was, he arraigns me because *I do know*. The time he says it occurred, seventeen years previously, almost exactly corresponds with that I alluded to. The reason for keeping it so long secret, M. Y. says, 'was that the lady feared for her life if she breathed the secret in Ireland.' My story was often and fearlessly told and retold, and good-humouredly laughed at too by Roman Catholics, who do not as M. Y. insinuates, *always* put people to death for telling of a funny trick. Whoever wrote the anecdote for *The Glasgow Chronicle* must have made a mistake in the mode of discovery, perhaps intentionally, to avoid blame to the clerk, for it is absurd to think a lady either could or would have stolen anything off the altar of a chapel whilst service was going on, the attendant priests standing round, and the altar itself in most cases so railed off that no one of the congregation could touch anything on it. But surely that story is merely an incidental one, and in no way affects the truthfulness of my portraiture of Quakerism, and surely M. Y. is not warranted in accusing me of falsehood, and throwing discredit on the rest and much more important part of the book, merely because he conceives this story has been better told by another person, whilst he *actually confirms the truth of that story in all its important details*. Do you think the Editor of THE CRITIC would insert a letter from me on the subject, as I do not like so serious and undeserved an accusation to pass unnoticed to the injury of my narrative, on the strict truthfulness of which, I can alone hope for its success. M. Y. writes as if hurt that the Editor of THE CRITIC had treated 'Quakerism' in so favourable a manner. I suppose he forgets the adage, '*ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse*.'"

Your's very truly,

"THE AUTHORESS OF QUAKERISM."

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—The debate in the House of Commons on Friday, the 11th ult., upon the motion of Sir Robert Inglis, for the annual grant to the British Museum, as usual, brought forth a catalogue, *not of books*, but complaints, upon the system still pursued by the trustees, and the complainants were very cavalierly assured by the worthy baronet, that "there is no public institution with a more complete system in existence." It may be asked, a *complete system of what*? If Sir Robert means *obstructions and delays*, I willingly concur with him upon that point. Mr. Hume also complained that the recommendations of the Commissioners had not been attended to; but whose fault is it that they have not been so? Is not Mr. Hume, who was himself one

of the Commissioners, somewhat to blame in this matter? Mr. Anstey complained that a friend had not been allowed to inspect a chart of the river Medway, and many other members followed in the same strain. As has been very justly observed, too much power is vested in the hands of non-responsible persons, who make laws and break them, as it best suits their own purposes; nor do the well-known dissensions between the officers of the establishment tend to ameliorate the system. To obtain a reading-room ticket is not to obtain access to all the books or manuscripts, it being optional with the officers of the library whether certain volumes shall be seen or not. These arbitrary rules do not, however, apply to foreigners, who are at all times treated with more courtesy and liberality than our own countrymen. I do not object to the proper conservation of the precious treasures of the library, but I do object to the system which excludes the artist and the man of letters from even a view of them, yet readily suffers them to be handled for the amusement of the officers and their friends. A friend of mine, having sometime since been recommended for a reading-room ticket, was desirous of making copies from the illuminated manuscripts, and, he obtained for that purpose, a second recommendation according to the rules of the establishment. In the course of his studies he wrote, in the usual manner, for the fine copy of the *Romance of the Rose* (MS. Harl. 4,425), but this was refused to him, as were also several others of the finer description of manuscripts, with an intimation that these books could not be seen unless a special order was first obtained from the trustees for that purpose. Surely, Sir, if a gentleman produces in the first instance recommendations so satisfactory as to entitle him to a reading-room ticket, and is put to the further inconvenience of obtaining a duplicate recommendation before he is allowed to draw, it is too much to compel him to produce a third proof of his respectability before he can be allowed to use what so many favoured great ones are constantly engaged in turning over for their summer's amusement! With your permission I will return to the subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

INVESTIGATOR.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

ASTRONOMY.—Eclipse of the Sun.—Although Monday, the 28th ult., had been looked forward to, with more than ordinary interest, not only by astronomers, but by the public at large, in consequence of the universal announcement that a total eclipse of the sun would take place in the afternoon, it may be well to observe that this was, to a certain extent, an error; for it was neither a total eclipse of the sun in the British metropolis, nor in any part of the British Isles, as the shadow of the moon, which completely shuts out the sun's light, falls considerably to the north of our latitude. The moon, however, must have been sufficiently near the earth to exclude the sun's rays altogether from the southern parts of Norway and Sweden, Northern Prussia, Poland and Russia. The principal places covered by the moon's shadow will be Christiansburg, Bergen, Gotenburg, Karlskrona, Dantzic, Königsberg, and Warsaw. The eclipse began to be visible in this country at three minutes past two, p.m.; its greatest darkness was at twelve minutes past three, when the eclipse amounted to an obscuration of about nine-tenths of the sun's surface. From the time last mentioned, the eclipse began gradually to pass away; and at fifteen minutes past four o'clock p.m. the sun was again free from obscuration, the eclipse having entirely passed away. This is said to be the largest eclipse that will be visible in this country during the present century, and in some places on the continent of Europe it will be total. After 1916, February 3, when there will be an eclipse of the sun, there will be none other total eclipse of this luminary visible in England before the year A.D. 2000, or till the end of the twentieth century. At Cambridge, and the adjoining neighbourhood, on Monday the 28th ult., the sky was, to our own great and especial mortification and disappointment, very cloudy, with a drizzling rain during the whole time. In and around the metropolis, the state of the weather was a little, and but a little, more favourable for viewing the eclipse, than it was fifty or sixty miles north-east of London, where we were at that time of the day; yet even here, *i. e.*, in London, very few persons with whom we have conversed on the subject, succeeded in obtaining anything like a satisfactory observation of this rare and interesting natural phenomenon. In the north of England, the sky was much clearer in the afternoon of that day, the sun, at the time of the commencement of eclipse, shining very brightly. We are told that in the city of Durham, this was so, and that the time of the greatest obscuration was observed to be at seven minutes past three o'clock, p.m., at which time the sun presented the appearance of a new moon three or four days old, and the light was that of clear, bright moonlight. In the metropolis of the neighbouring country, Paris, as we find it recorded in our daily journals, as *The Times*, &c. &c., the day was most favourable for the

occasion, the sky being almost cloudless, with patches of a transparent haze scattered here and there, but far to the east. The first outline of the dark body on the sun's face was first perceptible at about twenty-five minutes past two o'clock. At three p.m. it had advanced a good deal, and at half-past three o'clock, about two-thirds of the sun was covered, whilst at that time the eastern part of the sky assumed a deeper hue. From about twenty-five minutes to four o'clock the sombre hue diminished; and about twenty minutes past four o'clock the sun again shone forth with undimmed splendour. At the time when the eclipse was greatest a large circle was plainly visible round the sun. The correspondent of *The Times* writes thus:—"The eclipse of the sun is this day, beyond all question, the object of greatest interest in Paris. In the interest which that phenomenon excites, all luminaries, whether dimmed or in full blaze, are forgotten for the moment. In the highest windows of every house along the Boulevards, on the very roofs, on the lofty balconies in every quarter, in the streets, the promenades, and other public places, may be seen hundreds of amateur savans armed with pieces of smoked glass, or other such instruments, improvised for the occasion, and watching the progress of the dark body of the moon, as it slowly but steadily passed over the face of the sun. In many instances the star or sun gazers present rather a strange appearance, and there is scarcely one of them who had not a patch of black on his nose, or whose face does not present the appearance of the full moon with dark spots. The ambulant savans, who usually plant their telescopes on the Place de la Concorde, the Pont Neuf, the Champs Elysées, and other places of public resort, are driving a lucrative trade, and would wish the eclipse to last till sun-set." We are aware that great preparations have been made for securing accurate observations on the 28th of last month. English, French, and American astronomers will station themselves at various points in Sweden and Norway. In the last number of *THE CRITIC*, we gave our readers the names of some half dozen or more observers, with the names of the various places at which they were to be stationed; and from these and others we may expect detailed accounts of their observations. The Russian Government has equipped as many as six stations, with three observers at each; and the Prussian astronomers were to arrange themselves at different places near the shores of the Baltic. If the weather shall have been favourable, we may expect observations along the entire course of the moon's shadow, from the western coast of Norway, where it enters Europe, to the Sea of Azof. In our next number we hope to be able to furnish the readers of *THE CRITIC* with some of the observations made by the various astronomers located along the line of total obscuration which we think will probably be received from them during this month.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.—Mr. Rankine has given to the scientific world a summary of the results of a peculiar mode of conceiving that theory, which regards the elasticity connected with heat as the effect of the centrifugal force of small molecular motions,—a theory which has long been entertained as a conjecture, but which may now be considered as proved by M. Joule's experiments on the mutual convertibility of heat, and the visible forms of mechanical power.

Very closely allied to this subject is the Theory of Gases of Mr. Waterston, who deduces the properties of Gases, with respect to *Heat* and *Elasticity*, from a peculiar form of the theory which regards *Heat* as consisting in small but rapid motions of the particles of matter.

Dr. Andrews has found by experiment that many powders when thoroughly dried will rapidly and effectually take up the moisture of damp air passed through them, as effectually as the fused chloride of calcium. He found that well dried black oxide of manganese, and also powdered alabaster or sulphate of lime, being enclosed in a small syphon, a measured bulk of air passed through either, rapidly or slowly, would be so completely deprived of all its hygrometric moisture, that another syphon filled with coarse fragments of fused chloride of calcium acquired no weight sensible to a balance, which turned with the one thousandth part of a grain; the measured portion of damp air being in succession drawn through the syphon containing the alabaster, and that containing the fused chloride of calcium. By means of a simple apparatus invented by him, the indications of other hygrometers may be tested, the correct relation between the depression of the wet bulb and the dew point may be determined; and it may be used so that the total quantity of vapour contained in a measured volume of air, drawn through it at a uniform rate, may be correctly determined by weight.

MECHANICAL SCIENCE.—Mr. Nasmyth has invented an instrument, which he describes under the name of an "Improved direct-action Steam-Fan for the more perfect ventilation of Coal Mines." This instrument or Fan is of very great simplicity, and highly deserving of

notice, as presenting sure and effectual means of lessening considerably the number and frequency of those melancholy and fatal catastrophes which often occur in coal mines.

GEOLOGY.—Dr. Overweg has made an important geological discovery, namely, that of the existence of Devonian Rocks in Fezzan in North Africa, from which place he has sent specimens of true Devonian Rocks with fossils identical with those of the Devonian series of the Siena Morena in Spain. No palæozoic rocks have heretofore been discovered in Africa north of the equator; and the discovery of this new fact may possibly prove of considerable value in explaining the physical and organic peculiarities of Africa, and, taken in connexion with the fact of the existence of Devonian Rocks in the region of the Cape, may indicate a palæozoic axis running north and south through that continent.

CHEMISTRY.—The well-known and often repeated experiments of M. Boutigny, on the peculiar state induced in liquids when brought into contact with intensely heated metals, have led to considerable discussion amongst the chemists of our day, as to the repulsion between metals and fluids, and whether the remarkable effects are entirely attributable or not to the properties of a thin stratum of vapour. He has shown by experiments, that when platinum wire is coiled up in the form of a flat spiral and made hot, and fluid ether or alcohol placed upon it, whilst the fluid remains in the spheroidal state, it does not pass through between the spaces, whereas the vapour from the liquid readily does so.

M. Boutigny read a paper in connexion with this subject at the chemical section of the British Association, lately held at Ipswich, "On the cause which maintains Bodies in the Spheroidal State, beyond the Sphere of Physico-chemical activity," after which, he showed the capability of the human hand to be passed through red-hot molten metal without sustaining injury. We had not the good fortune to witness this experiment, but many of the members of the chemical section had the opportunity of seeing M. Boutigny pass his hand through the stream of red-hot iron as it issued from the furnace in a liquid state, and afterwards scoop out portions of iron from the casting ladle until the fluid metal sunk to the mere red-hot fluid state, when danger is to be apprehended from the diminution of the temperature causing the iron to adhere.

From experiments on the action of superheated steam upon organic bodies, it has been shown that in Prussia, steam at sixty pounds pressure is used and made to pass through hot pipes to obtain at least 600 degrees of heat, and is then thrown into compressed peat, where it produces the effect of a fiery sponge, robbing the peat of its water, carbonizing the material, and causing the complete distillation of many substances. The texture of the peat is so far changed and peculiar, that it is rendered pyrophoric, and takes fire on exposure to the air, and it is necessary to cool down the charcoal in an atmosphere of steam.

It is reported in *The Times*, that M. Schrotter has discovered a new preparation of phosphorus, to which he has given the name "Amorphous Phosphores" by which all the difficulties met with in the conveyance and use of the article for purposes of commerce are overcome. It is obtained by heating phosphorus without the access of air, at the temperature of an oil bath. It then assumes a scarlet colour, and may be carried about, or packed in barrels, or even taken into the system, as it is said, without any injurious effects. Mixed with oxidising substances, it reassumes its inflammable properties.

ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.—Dr. John Davy, in continuation of some former researches on the "Temperature of Man," has communicated to the Royal Society the results of his subsequent observations on this subject, during a period of three years and a-half, chiefly at Barbadoes, where the mean annual temperature of the atmosphere is eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and the range of temperature throughout the year from about ten to eighteen degrees in the open air. The observations were made three times a-day; the temperature of the body being noted, with that of the external air, the pulse, and the number of respirations per minute. The chief results are the following: 1. That the average temperature of man, within the tropics, is a little higher, nearly one degree, than in a temperate climate, such as that of England. 2. That within the tropics, as in cooler regions, the temperature of the body is almost constantly fluctuating. 3. That the order of fluctuation is different from that in a cooler climate; the minimum degree being early in the morning, after a night's rest, and not at night. 4. That when the body is in a healthy state, it rapidly recovers its normal condition as to temperature. 5. That within the tropics, there is comparatively little difference of temperature between the surface of the body and the internal parts; the skin is more active in its functions, and the kidneys are less active. 6. That the effect of wine, unless used in great moderation, is commonly lowering as to tempe-

ture, whilst it accelerates the action of the heart followed, after awhile, by an increase of temperature. 7. The tendency of sea-sickness, like that of disease, is to elevate the temperature. 8. The tendency of a sea-voyage, apart from sea-sickness, is to equalize the temperature without permanently elevating it. The most interesting facts, in connexion with Dr. J. Davy's observations, are the changes of temperature depending on changes of health or disease, and the lowering influence of wines and ordinary stimulants.

"On Sea-sickness."—Let a person on ship-board, when the vessel is bounding over the waves, seat himself, and take hold of a tumbler nearly filled with water or other liquid, and at the same time make an effort to prevent the liquid from running over, by keeping the mouth of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his hand and arm will seem to be drawn into different positions, as if the glass were attracted by a powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him allow his hand, arm, and body to go through the various movements, as those observed in sawing, planing, pumping, throwing a quoit, &c., which they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost irresistibly to perform, and he will find that this has the effect of preventing the giddiness and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the vessel have a tendency to produce in inexperienced voyagers. If the person is suffering from sickness at the commencement of his experiment, as soon as he grasps the glass of liquid in his hand, and suffers his arm to take its course and go through the movements alluded to, he feels as if he were performing them of his own free will, and the nausea abates immediately, and very soon ceases entirely, and does not return so long as he suffers his arm and body to assume the postures into which they seem to be drawn. Should he, however, resist the free course of his hand, he instantly feels a thrill of pain of a peculiarly stunning kind shoot through the head, and experiences a sense of dizziness and returning nausea. From this last circumstance, Mr. Atkinson, the author of a paper on this subject, infers it as probable, that the stomach is primarily affected through the cerebral mass, rather than through a disturbance of the thoracic and abdominal viscera; and he thinks that this method of preventing sea-sickness, which he has found by experience to be effectual, depends on the curious fact that the involuntary motion, communicated to the body by the rolling and tossing of the vessel, are, by the means he adopts, apparently converted into a voluntary motion.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Mr. T. H. Huxley has written a description of a new form of sponge-like animal, found as a gelatinous substance in almost all seas, varying in size from that of a pea to that of a walnut. This gelatinous mass is an animal of extreme simplicity, analogous to the Palmellæ in the vegetable kingdom, and consists of a number of simple cells, united by a gelatinous connecting matter, containing siliceous spicules. This animal may be regarded as a connecting link between the sponges Gregarinidæ and Polythalamata.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF GUTTA PERCHA.—A patent has been obtained by Mr. E. Truman, Haymarket, for a method of fixing artificial teeth into a preparation of gutta percha, made to resemble as closely as possible in colour, texture, and consistence, the natural gums. The substance of the gutta percha, whilst in a softened state, produced by heat, is made to fit closely in the mouth, and by its pliability enters into every interstice, depression, or projection of the jaw, and the processes of the teeth, so that no cavity in which air is contained is left unfilled. The result is, that the artificial gum clings to the natural gum with a tenacity that requires great force to remove it, and the artificial teeth can be used for mastication, &c. The principle is a simple one, and is exemplified by the common experiment of placing a piece of wet leather upon the smooth surface of a stone, when it will be seen how closely it clings to it. The adaptation of gutta percha to this purpose, will avoid the use of metallic plates in the mouth, and prevent many evils known to arise from the use of base metal.

A scientific journal or almanac has been published by Dr. Macgowan, in the Chinese language, at Ningpo, in China, in order to impart to the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire a knowledge of the principles of the electric telegraph, of galvanism, and magnetism. It is of the long folio size, stitched, with a cover of yellow silk. It is called the Philosophical Almanac.

SNAIL TELEGRAPHY.—The *Presse* has the following account of an alleged new experiment of what is called "télégraphique escargotique"—that is communication at a distance by means of snails. "Before commencing the account of this strange experiment, let us declare distinctly that we do not accept in any way the responsibility of the assertions of its inventors. Curious facts were produced in our presence by means of an apparatus in which there were snails, many snails, and some of the largest size, but we do not know to what

extent it is possible to correspond from one hemisphere to the other by means of a universal language, and with the celerity and certainty which the inventors flatter themselves to have obtained. But be this as it may, and in spite of our personal doubts, and the reticences of the demonstrator, we fancied we saw something which was neither a mystification nor a hallucination. On Sunday, the 3rd of August, we went to 86, Route d'Asnières, at the Batignolles, to the house of M. Droux, ex-mayor of the commune, where, it was announced, an experiment was to be made. A small number of persons were invited, and amongst them were M. Victor Hugo and M. Emile de Girardin. The master of the house led us to a sort of barn, where we found at each end two structures in wood placed on open stands. In the front of each was a large wooden wheel moving on its centre. This wheel, about two yards in diameter, presented the most singular appearance; three or four hundred snails were kept immovable by means of a sort of paste in a reservoir in zinc; the open part of the shells was towards the spectator, and some of them protruded their heads. On the wheels were lines of metal, on one of which were the snails, and on the other letters of the alphabet. The reservoirs in zinc in which the snails were placed were lined with cloth and copper, like the voltaic pile; and all the reservoirs were connected by conducting wires which were collected on the axis of the wheel. One apparatus was to serve to send a despatch, the other to receive it; we will, to make the demonstration clearer, call one Paris and the other London. In turning the wheel the letter required was brought to an opening, and designated by a needle. Each time that Paris sent up a letter to the opening, and designated it by the needle, M. Benoist, in the structure called London, wrote it with a pencil on paper, after having discovered it on his own wheel, by, as he said, moving a snail in its reservoir on the letters, which snail made a movement on passing by the letter indicated. This is the mystery, and we know no more of it than you do. We wrote in the box representing Paris the word *enfer*, and it was perfectly reproduced at London. Another person wished to send the word *tellus*, but, either from want of practice or irregularity of the machine, M. Benoist received the letters C T Z Z L J. We ourselves recommenced, with M. Victor Hugo by the side of us, in the enclosure Paris, and we sent BENOIST, which was perfectly reproduced in London. Then we sent the word *Deus*, with a mark \propto between the U and S, and it was perfectly received and reproduced. Such is what we saw: an apparatus of wood, copper, zinc, and snails, sent to a similar apparatus at a distance of fifteen yards three words. But was it really the snails which acted? Was it simply the pile formed by the juxtaposition of copper and zinc? Could the same effect be produced in the same manner at long distances? These and other questions can only be solved by experience."

PHRENOLOGY.—The science of Dr. Gall seems to be taking a higher stand in London than we can recollect, since his colleague Dr. Spurzheim delivered his admirable lectures on the brain in this country. London can now boast of a public museum in the Strand (No. 367), where three or four thousand casts from nature and national skulls have been collected for the purpose of illustrating Phrenology, and where very able lectures are delivered every Thursday afternoon by Dr. Browne, on subjects connected with the science. A short time ago we were present at one of these lectures, the point discussed being the utility of phrenology as a guide in training the faculties and dispositions of youth, and certainly the arguments drawn from physiology, and confirmed by illustrations from the museum, appeared to us so candid and conclusive that we are persuaded an examination of phrenology by the present more enlightened age will accord a far higher value to its merits than would please the cavillers of some thirty years ago. We recommend our readers to go and judge for themselves. The lectures, it may as be well to add, are gratuitous.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

A TRANSLATION of Tennyson, in French, awaits a publisher.—The first part of a curious work has just been published in France—a catalogue of the manuscripts and autographs stolen from the public libraries of France. The work will be of formidable dimensions, as the robberies, or rather wholesale pillagings, have been on such a gigantic scale as almost to surpass belief.—The writings of Shakspeare would appear from the following fact to be read with as much avidity and delight in Sweden as in his native country. A translation of his plays by Hagberg, professor of Greek in the University of Lund, is now in course of publication. Of this twelve volumes have appeared, and although the first edition consisted of no less than 2,000 copies, the whole have been sold off, and a second edition is in preparation. Professor Hagberg's translation is most favourably spoken of by those who are qualified to judge of its merits.—The sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth volumes of the complete works of Frederic the Great have just been published at Berlin. They are entirely occupied with his correspondence. There are 4,000 letters written by him—two-thirds are in French, the other third, chiefly

on military operations, are in German, and were addressed to his generals. The whole letters belong to the state archives. The edition of the great Frederic's works, now in course of publication, was undertaken by order of the present King of Prussia, and at his expense.—A Constantinople letter in a French journal states that a Greek *savant*, M. Simonidis, asserts that from the examination of ancient manuscripts in different Greek convents, he has discovered an indication that the original of the *Acts of the Apostles* is buried in an island in the Sea of Marmora. He has caused an application to be made to the Turkish government for leave to make researches after it, but this is opposed by the Greek Patriarch, from the fear that the discovery of the important document may lead to new schisms in the church.—Lamartine's publishers inform the public that it is whispered in "the trade" that a pirated edition of the *Restauration* is about to appear.—It is, says the correspondent of *The Literary Gazette*, Madame de Lamartine (she is an English woman) who has translated her husband's *History of the Restauration* for publication in London. The work has excited a good deal of sensation in Paris, not much inferior in intensity, though not perhaps so widespread, as that which was caused by the famous *Girondins*. But though everybody admits that the book displays great dramatic power, and is as charming to read as a novel of Scott, nobody will grant for a moment that it is entitled to be considered a *bond fide* history. The distinguished author is now working hard on the second volume; and as he toils from twelve to fourteen hours a day—as he takes the least possible trouble in searching for facts, or ascertaining names and dates—and as, too, he scribbles with remarkable facility, it is probable that in a month, at the outside, he will have it completed, also that before the year's end the whole of the *soi-disant* history will be before the public. I think you were informed some time back that he is to receive 8,000*l.* for it—that is, 1,000*l.* a volume.—*The Leader* makes the following novel revelation:—Novels are published in London and sent direct to the circulating libraries in the country, without previous advertising; above all without previous criticism! Jones, we will say, has a novel which he knows all the critics will "cut up"—why should he allow them to "cry stinking-fish" when he can pass it off as fresh? At the library, all that is asked for is "a new novel." If it be new, and the fair reader have not been forewarned, she takes it with unmisgiving delight. There is thus a literature of which we in the metropolis have no cognizance. A literature which snaps its contemptuous fingers at our magisterial authority; which can afford to dispense with our praise, and laughs at our severity. Now, the question which continually obtrudes itself upon us is—can these novels—the owls of literature shunning the light—be worse than many of those birds of gaudy plumage which *court* the light? Is it possible there can be works of more unutterable, shameless mediocrity than some of those which a high and impartial press "hails with delight," and pronounces to be of "thrilling, heartstirring interest"? Every Shallow has, we know, his Silence; in every deep there is a deeper still; and the horizon of the execrable is indefinitely distant; still, works confessing themselves worse than some of the three volumes which assume grand conquering airs, would be curiosities of literature worth looking after. It used to be said, with swelling emphasis, in small circles, that the unacted drama was immeasurably superior to the acted; may not the unreviewed novels turn out to be in a similar position with respect to the reviewed?—Sir David Brewster has been elected foreign corresponding member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna.

2. OF LITERARY MEN.

The late Dr. Lingard has left his valuable library to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.—Liebig, the celebrated German chemist, is about to visit Liverpool. During his stay he will be the guest of James Muspratt, Esq., of Seaford.—A pension of 200*l.* a year on the civil list has been conferred upon Mr. Silk Buckingham, who has contributed much to literature, especially by his useful records of travel. A pension of 200*l.* a year has also been given to Colonel Torrens, the author of several works on political economy. Mrs. Jamieson, the authoress of *Characteristics of Women*, *The Female Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, &c., &c., has also received a pension on the Civil List of 100*l.* a year.—Prussian journals state that the poet Freiligrath is about to be pursued by a *Steckbrief*,—that is, his person is to be described like that of a common thief in the Prussian *Hue and Cry*. The bookseller who published his *Lays, Political and Social*, has been deprived of his licence. The poet himself, we are told, is beyond the reach of his enemies.—It is stated in *The Daily News* that the late Mr. Dyce Sombre has left behind him a paper purporting to be his will, in which the whole of his large fortune—with the sole exception of a few trifling legacies—is bequeathed to the East India Company, in trust for the foundation of certain educational establishments throughout Hindustan. The paper is said to be irregular in some respects,—and will have to undergo legal investigation.—Some extremely interesting autographs have been sold during the past week by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. Two letters of Marie Antoinette, the first written eight days after her arrest at Varennes, sold for 10*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and a document signed by Queen Mary, for 10*l.* 10*s.* Two letters of Mary of England sold for

82. 6s., two of Catherine de Medicis for 10l. 18s., two of Marmontel, one addressed to Voltaire, 4l. 3s., two of Mirabeau, 3l. 16s., and a certificate signed by Molière, 10l. 5s. Eight letters of Nicholas Poussin sold for 21l. 17s., and one of James, Duke of Monmouth, five days before he was beheaded, 21l. 10s. A letter of Sir Isaac Newton, while master of the Mint, 7l. The autograph of Sir Walter Raleigh, 5l. 7s. A letter of Rembrandt, 10l. A document bearing the seal and signature of Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, 4l. 14s. 6d. A Life of Alexander the Great, occupying one-half of the page, the other half filled with closely written remarks by Napoleon, 4l. 7s., and an autograph of Richard III., 25l. At Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, six lots of the correspondence of Garrick sold for 7l. 5s. A draft for sixty pounds, drawn by Goldsmith in favour of Garrick, and a promissory note of a hundred pounds of Sheridan's to Garrick, 3l. 16s. Five letters of Addison's, 5l. 19s., four letters of Steele's, 2l. 12s., and some papers relating to the Byron family, 21l.

3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

Mr. Muntz has given notice of a motion for next session, to the effect that the reporters be allowed to remain in their gallery during divisions of the House of Commons, and to take into consideration if the strangers in the other gallery can also be permitted to remain there during the divisions, without prejudice to the business of the House.—The statesmen of Vienna have, at length, completed their crusade against the press. All the liberties achieved in 1848 have been finally withdrawn. A single stroke of the pen has abolished—so far as Governments can do it—all right of thought, speech, and writing in the east of Europe.—The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has been seized and confiscated by the police at Leipzig, for having published, under the head of Great Britain, a notice, with translated extracts, of the two letters written by Mr. Gladstone to the Earl of Aberdeen on the treatment of the Neapolitan state prisoners.—The Belgian Government is about to award a prize of 160l., two of 80l., and one of 60l. for the best series of "Historical Readings"—that is, works containing accounts in graphic style of national historical events. They are specially destined for circulation amongst the masses, and for strengthening the sentiment of nationality.—The following are names of the new committee appointed to inquire into the existing state of public libraries. This committee consists of Mr. Ewart, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Lord Seymour, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. C. Lewis, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Bunbury, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Greenall, Mr. Hutt, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Heywood, Mr. Mackinnon, and Viscount Melgund. This week they have commenced their sittings.—There is a tradition that soon after the erection of the fortifications at the south end of the Yarmouth, near where then stood the Blackfriars Priory, and adjoining one of the towers, was the garden of a convent of nuns; that the Lady Abbess, while walking in this garden, overheard four of the monks talking, and one of them boasting of the familiarity he had had with her; fearing that her reputation would be destroyed, she determined to get rid of such dangerous witnesses; she therefore poisoned the wine they were drinking. They were seated at a table in the room of the tower, which is still standing; they all perished; and the tradition proceeds to state they fell from their seats in the form of a cross, thus +, and as they fell so they were buried. The tower belongs to Mr. George Danby Palmer, who has hitherto been decidedly opposed to any search being made. But a few weeks since, when in company with some gentlemen, the conversation turning on the subject of antiquities, Mr. Jay, of the Market-row, mentioned the above tradition, and Mr. Palmer gave Mr. J. H. Harrison, who rents part of the premises, and a Mr. Blyth, a conditional leave to examine the tower; Mr. Harrison proceeded to remove the soil from the lower chamber or cell of the tower, and very shortly came to the top of a stone coffin lying in the direction north and south; the foot of another was soon uncovered, lying in the direction from south to north; while the foot of a third was discovered at right angles; evidently proving that there are four coffins lying foot to foot in the form of a cross. The tops or lids are of Purbeck, with a double foliated cross, and pediment of three steps.—An ordinance has been passed by the Court of Policy, British Guiana, admitting into this colony foreign reports of English books on the payment of an *ad valorem* duty on the *bona fide* price of 20 per cent., whereof five per cent. is to go to the collecting officer, and the remainder to the English author. The publication of this ordinance has excited a warm controversy in the Demarara papers, a reference to which will at once convince English copyright authors that even in that distant land they have a sturdy and resolute champion.

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

THE sixth and last lecture was devoted to Sterne and Goldsmith.

Of Lawrence Sterne the lecturer had formed no very high idea. After sketching his early life, and alluding to the anecdote of his being flogged by an usher for writing his name on the newly whitewashed ceiling of a school-room—whence, however, the master of the school, who had faith in Sterne's future greatness,

would not allow the name to be removed—Mr. Thackeray mentioned the curious circumstances of his marriage in 1741. He had courted the lady very long and very intensely, and it was not until she believed herself dying that she would own her passion. She made a will leaving him all she had, and recovered to marry him. Her letters breathe exceedingly warm but refined passion; but somewhat later we find Sterne writing (in bad Latin) that his wife bores him to death, and he gets more and more tired of her every day. He was very susceptible of female attraction, and, as Mr. Thackeray remarked, his heart was a good deal broken in its time. His exceedingly affectionate letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, the wife of a gentleman at Bombay, written while his own wife was alive, are particularly edifying. He pours out his heart to her—calls her the best of all good girls, and prays her, in the case of her husband dying, not to throw herself away upon a nabob, as he himself knows nobody whom he would like better to espouse, and his wife cannot, he thinks, live long. Mr. Thackeray proceeded to call him a wretched, worn-out old scamp, who went on to the end of his life as vain, wicked, witty, and false as ever. Even while doing justice to Sterne's singular humour though more inclined to look on him as a great jester, a tumbler who lays down his carpet and tumbles for bread—the lecturer remarked upon the perilous condition of a writer who, like Sterne, brings his private feelings into the market. He raised the grave question, where truth begins and ends when a man is writing from those feelings, and when he exaggerates them to improve his book, and when all is mere calculation and imposture. Mr. Thackeray likened Sterne to a French actor, whom he said he had recently met, and who, undertaking to sing a sentimental song, set himself fairly blubbering with his own pathos. He read, excellently, some of Sterne's best passages, especially the scene of the ass in the doorway, and the dance in the French village; but he observed that there was never a page of Sterne's in which there was not something which would have been better away. There was always an effort at dreary *double entendre*—the eyes of the satyr were always leering out of the leaves. How different, he observed (amid the plaudits of the room), is the innocent amusement afforded by the writings of Charles Dickens.

Oliver Goldsmith was treated in another strain—that of unceasing kindly appreciation. Who does not love him, though our love for him is a half pity? His writings are everywhere. There is nobody who, at some period of his life, has not been beguiled of his smiles and tears by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Mr. Thackeray proceeded to describe the house of Goldsmith's father, which he said, resembled many an Irish house of the present day—all confusion and profusion; and he remarked upon the wonderful genius Irishmen have for "hanging on." If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he is sure to have half-a-dozen hungry retainers always in attendance upon him—a species of tail. So it was with Goldsmith. He was always befriending some one. When he had money, his Irish followers got it (and they took care to be generally much better informed than himself as to the state of his fortune); and when he had not, he would get them dinners at a tavern, or give them orders for clothes on good Mr. Pilbeam, his confiding tailor. Mr. Thackeray noticed the three more recent biographers of Goldsmith—Prior, Forster, and Irving—characterising each as his loving admirer after their respective natures. A few anecdotes of Goldsmith, happily told, enlivened this part of the lecture, and the audience were exceedingly amused at being reminded that Goldsmith went to apply for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches. His amiable and elevated nature was shown in his asking of the Earl of Northumberland, the Irish Viceroy, a favour for his brother, but refusing all patronage for himself, except that of the booksellers, for which one of his biographers, Hawkins, called him an idiot. He was of a gentle spirit, but he had oftentimes a very good right to be angry at the way he was treated by booksellers, managers, and others. It makes us as enraged, said the lecturer, as when we see a woman ill-treated, or a child assaulted, to think that so very gentle and weak a creature, and one so full of love, should ever have been harshly dealt with. But he had friends of the noblest order—Johnson, Gibbon, Reynolds—and their affectionate esteem for him showed what manner of man he was. In his later days he was well off; and had he not been prematurely removed, he would have seen himself in the possession of a large part of the popularity which now belongs to his name. *Nil tetigit quod non ornavit*. He owed 2,000l. at his death, but his epitaph was written by a "righteous pen" (Johnson's), which, by the way, "refused to disgrace Westminster Abbey with an epitaph in English." But his end, in his chambers in the Temple, and with his great friends around him, was not what he had desired for himself. He had wished to die in his own Irish home, with a circle of wondering dependents around him, whom he could have astonished by his talent (for there was a loveable vanity in the man) and made happy with his kindness. It was not to be.

Mr. Thackeray concluded his course of lectures with a species of moral which he adduced from the examples he had given. He addressed it to those who adopted what he called the traditional complaint that literary men were discouraged by the world, and that the profession was a disqualification for success in English social life. He utterly denied this. All the brilliant

successes of all the men on whose history he had dwelt had arisen from their literary talent—and all their misfortunes from recklessness and misconduct, which would have equally cast any other persons out of society. He contended that a wit must and ought to suffer for error, like the dullest prodigal; but that while a literary man paid his way, and lived morally, he would receive the fullest and warmest recognition. The literary man's great difficulties arose from want of capital; but these were shared by hundreds of doctors, lawyers, and sailors, who never thought of complaining that their profession was undervalued because they did not get on; and he called upon his literary brethren to bear their ills with the same fortitude as other people. If the complaint was that the world did not voluntarily advance the author, the fact was, that the latter was scheming for a patron in the world, and not grasping the world's hand as that of a friend. Of course, if a man chose to be a buffoon, and entertain parties, he would be asked out when wanted, and receive buffoon's hire—his dinner or supper, and contempt. But no literary man, standing on his own merits, working well, paying his debts, and living decently, would find that he had any cause to complain of a world which, for his own part, he declared he had found most generous, cordial, and liberal.

With this moral terminated a course of as intellectual and pleasant lectures as we have ever had the gratification of hearing; and we are rejoiced to be able to add that the attendance, which has always been numerous as well as brilliant and fashionable, must have rendered Mr. Thackeray's experiment amply remunerative. We trust again to see him in the tribune ere long, and in the mean time we beg to offer him our cordial congratulations.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

FLUNKYISM OF VULTURES.—I cannot let the opportunity pass without remarking the extraordinary respect, fear, or whatever it might be called, shown by the commoner species of vulture to the king of the vultures. One day, having lost a mule by death, he was dragged up a small hill not far off, where I knew in an hour or two he would be safely buried in vulture sepulture. I was standing on a hillock about a hundred yards off, watching the surprising distance that a vulture sees his prey from, and the gathering of so many from all parts up and down wind, and where none had been seen before, and that in a very short space of time. Hearing a loud whirring noise over my head, I looked up and saw a fine large bird, with outstretched and seemingly motionless wings, sailing towards the carcass that had been already partially demolished. I beckoned to an Indian to come up the hill, and showing him the bird that had just alighted, he said, "The king of the vultures; you will see how he is adored." Directly the fine-looking bird approached the carcass, the others retired to a short distance, forming a most respectable and well-kept ring around him. His majesty, without any signs of acknowledgment for such great civility, proceeded to make a most glutinous meal; but, during the whole time he was employed, not a single envious bird attempted to intrude upon him or his repast, till he had finished and taken his departure, with a heavier wing and slower flight than on his arrival. But, when he had taken his perch on a high tree not far off, his dirty ravenous subjects, increased in number during his repast, ventured to discuss the somewhat diminished carcass, for the royal appetite was certainly very fine.—*Byam's Wild Life in Africa*.

SHARK HUNTING.—Shark hunting, a favourite pastime on the coast of the southern states of the Union, lately commenced. The *Charleston Mercury* gives us an account of the first hunt of the season:—"The carcass of a horse having been procured, it was properly prepared and set adrift towards the close of ebb tide, and having floated down opposite the battery, its convulsive motion gave evidence that the sea wolves were at their feast. Three of our young gentlemen, who are enthusiasts in this sport, having provided themselves with the proper implements, proceeded in a stout boat to the busy scene, and soon found themselves in the midst of a large shoal of sharks, who, not at all disturbed by their presence, continued their repast—the larger ones moving up to the carcass, fastening their teeth in it, and then with a jerk rending off a limb or other portion, while the smaller ones would snatch at the fragments which escaped from their jaws. Our young gentlemen soon went to work, and in the course of an hour and three-quarters killed nine of the monsters, six of which they succeeded in bringing to the wharf. The sport was of the most exciting character, the animals not only making play, but occasionally showing fight. One of the largest, when struck, seized the boat by the cutwater, and shook it most violently; while another came open-mouthed at a coloured man who was cutting a harpoon out of one of those captured alongside, but was arrested by a well-directed thrust of a spear, which penetrated far down his capacious throat. The six sharks that were brought to the wharf were found to measure respectively as follows:—9 feet 3 inches, 9 feet 4 inches, 10 feet 1 inch, 10 feet 9 inches, 11 feet 6 inches."

CAPTIVE EAGLES IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.—We understand that Mr. Ross, gamekeeper at Gairloch, when going his rounds in the deer-forest, discovered, in May last, in one of the mountains, an eagle's nest containing a

brace of eaglets, which he allowed to remain till the 23rd of June. On examining the nest on that day he found that one of them had been dead for some time, and he removed the other a short distance from the nest to a spot more convenient for trapping the old birds. On visiting the traps on the next morning, he had the satisfaction of finding them both secured, without almost any injury to either of them. He carried them carefully home, and having provided proper accommodation, continued to feed them for a day or two. On the third day, however, the birds began to show such a degree of tameness that they would not only of themselves pick up any food thrown to them, but the female commenced feeding the young bird with as much ease and freedom as if still at liberty in her native mountains, and since that time both birds continue to exhibit an increasing familiarity, without appearing in the least disconcerted at the presence of the numerous parties who are induced to visit and watch their motions. We believe Mr. Ross has in his time been fortunate enough to catch a number of eaglets, but he never had any which exhibited such a degree of docility as those now in his possession. The male bird weighs fully 9lb., and the female close upon 11lb. The eaglet is rather better than half-fledged. —*Inverness Courier*.

A GREEN ROSE.—We recently noticed the production of a blue rose at Paris by artificial crossings. The *Raleigh* (N.C.) *Register*, in copying our notice, says:—"We can add to this the green rose of North Carolina, which, though not the creature of science, is sufficiently well known in parts of this state to claim a rank among the above floral novelties. The rose is identical with our common daily, except in colour, the variation in which is supposed to have been produced by the accidental intermingling of the roots of the rose-tree with those of the common sumach. The peculiarities of the new varieties are perpetuated by cuttings or otherwise. It is quite common in the county of Bladen, and some few specimens exist in the town of Fayetteville." —*New York Herald*.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

NEW SONGS BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

From the Third Edition of "The Princess."

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from Heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But, O too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main;
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

CRADLE SONG.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

WIT OF THE TOWN.

HEREDITARY MISFORTUNE.—A gentleman speaking of the wife of a certain nobleman, lamented very much that she had no children; upon which a medical man who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was hereditary in some families.

KISSING THE POPE'S FOOT.—This custom took its rise from the ceremony of kneeling to sovereigns introduced by Dioclesian. Thence also the custom of a vassal's kneeling to his lord, in homage. Kissing the hands of great men was a Grecian custom.

A man's life, says South, is an appendix to his heart.

When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbours should give away, who are least apt to give anything themselves, Sydney Smith replied: "Yes! no sooner does A fall into difficulties than B begins to consider what C ought to do for him."

Oliver Cromwell's grace before dinner:—

"Some have meat, but cannot eat,
And some can eat, but have not meat,
And so—the Lord be praised!"

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—When John Adams was a young man he was invited to dine with the Court and Bar at the house of Judge Paine, an eminent Loyalist, at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table Judge Paine gave a toast, "the King," Some of the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it; but Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying, "We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment." At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave "the Devil." As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, his wife calmed him, and turned the laugh upon Mr. Adams by immediately saying, "My dear, as the gentleman has seen fit to drink to 'our' friend, let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to 'his.'"—*New York paper*.

Marriage in Germany is preceded by the following ceremonies and forms:—First, proposal; second, betrothal; third, a public family dinner or supper of announcement; fourth, the procuring, or testimonials required by Government, being—1, a certificate of vaccination; 2, a week-day school ticket, in proof of regular attendance there; 3, a certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher; 4, a certificate of confirmation; 5, a conduct certificate; 6, a service book; 7, a wanderbuch (this refers to the compulsory travels of their handwerks burschen, or handicraftsmen); 8, an apprentice ticket; 9, a statement made and substantiated as to property, which, if not considered satisfactory according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing; 10, a permission from the parents; 11, residence permission ticket; 12, a certificate as to the due performance of militia duties; 13, an examination ticket; 14, a ticket of business or occupation at the time. The higher classes have even more difficulties than these.

In Germany, Austria excluded, appear 746 newspapers, of which 646 are printed in German, 5 in French, 1 in English, 15 in Polish, 3 in Wendish (the Wenden are a Slavonic people in the midst of Germany), 7 in the Lutheran language. In all Europe, according to official statements, 1356 newspapers are published, of which 169 are issued at Paris, 97 at London, 79 at Berlin, 68 at Leipzig, 36 at St. Petersburg, 24 at Vienna. Of the most prominent Paris papers, the *Constitutionnel* has a list of 30,000 subscribers, the *Presse* 24,000, the *Patrie* 14,000, the *Journal des Débats* 11,000, the *National* 5,000. The circulation of the latter paper is generally believed to be larger than it really is. The number of Reviews published in Holland is very great, there are no less than 125 monthly, and 14 weekly periodicals, which may be classified into 32 for Protestant; 6 for Catholic; 1 for Jewish; 5 for General Theology; for Jurisprudence, 6; Commerce and Industry, 3; Military Sciences, 3; Architecture, 3; Navy, 3; Natural History, 2; Botany and Agriculture, 4; Medicine, 1; Surgery, 8; Veterinary Sciences, 1; Philology, 24; Education, 8; History, 3; Geography and Travels, 4; Belles-Lettres, 18. Since the first of January, a paper in the Armenian language is published at Tiflis under the title "Ararat." It is edited by Rev. Gabriel Patkanow, and appears once a week. This is the ninth Armenian periodical; the others are published at Smyrna, Venice, Vienna, Constantinople, Singapore and Madras.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

DEATHS.

CIANCHETTINI.—Lately, Signor Pio Cianchettini, a pianist of showy pretensions, during many years resident at Cheltenham, who in former days was well-known throughout our concert world as the accompanist to Madame Catalini. DUPATY.—A few days ago, M. Dupaty, one of the forty French Academicians. He was one of the most obscure of that learned corps. His literary reputation, such as it was, was based almost exclusively on vaudevilles and on the libretti of comic operas. He was held in esteem in the days of Napoleon; but then literary distinction was very easily earned. The most notable event in the last twenty years of his life was being chosen (to his own great astonishment) an academician in preference to Victor Hugo, then at the height of his fame.

LEDELER.—Baron de Ledeler, the celebrated Russian botanist at Munich, on July 23, aged sixty-five. At the early age of nineteen he was appointed Professor of Botany in the University of Dorpat, and in 1829 he obtained the botanical chair in the University of St. Petersburg. In 1821 he was elected member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and by order of the Emperor Alexander undertook to compile "The Russian Flora." To collect materials for this great work, he spent sixteen years in visiting different parts of the vast empire of Russia, and went as far as the frontiers of China and into Siberia. In 1848 the state of his health obliged him to take up his residence at Munich. There he laboured at his "Flora," and had the satisfaction of completing it two months before his death.

LEE.—At Clifton, on August 1, the patriarch of English authoresses, Miss Harriet Lee, at the age of ninety-five. To readers of our time, Miss Lee is best known as having in her "German's Tale" of the "Canterbury Tales" (a miscellany of little romances by herself and her sister) furnished Lord Byron with the plot of his play of "Werner."

STUART.—In London, on August 4, Lady Louisa Stuart, aged nearly ninety-four; the youngest daughter of the Minister, Earl of Bute, and granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; the lady to whom we owe the charming "Introductory Anecdotes" prefixed to the late Lord Wharnclyffe's edition of Lady Mary's works. Lady Louisa remembered to have seen her grandmother, Lady Mary, when at old Wortley's death, that celebrated woman returned to London after her long and still unexplained exile from England. Lady Louisa herself was a charming letter-writer.

List of New Books.

- Adams's Pocket Guide to Environs of London, with map, 2s.
Alison's (A.) Second Reformation, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Archbold's New Rules and Forms Regulating County Courts, 4s.
Arnold's Eclogæ Ovidianæ, Part II., Metamorphoses, 12mo. 5s.
Baines's (Rev. J.) Tales of the Empire, Scenes from the History of the House of Hapsburg, 18mo. 2s. cl.
Ballingham on Hospitals, 4to. 2s. 6d. swd.
Bell's Treatise on Baths, Watery Regimen, &c. 8vo. 16s. cl.
Bennett's Lectures on Clinical Medicine, No. V., 8vo. 2s. swd.
Black's Tourist and Sportsman's Companion to Scotland, 10s. 6d.
Blots on Eschtheon of Rome, by Six Protestant Ladies, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Bohn's Cheap Series "Gulzot's Monk's Contemporaries," 1s. 6d. bds.
Bohn's Standard Library, August, "Vasari's Painters," Vol. III., "Neander's Church History," Vol. IV., post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.
Bradshaw's Guide through London, new edit., square, 1s. swd.
Brock (Rev. T.) Memoir of, by Rev. H. Carey, fc. 4s. 6d. cl.
Burder's Sermons, 12mo. cl. reduced to 2s. 6d.
Carey's (H. C.) Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial, 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.
Chambers's Educational Course, "Aue's Second German Reading Book," 12mo. 3s. cl.
Chambers's Instructive Library, "The Emigrant's Manual, in its Practical Application to Individuals," &c. 12mo. 1s. swd.
Christian Duties, as Conductive to Progress, fc. 3s. 6d. cl.
Comic Creatures from Wurtemberg, &c. illustrated by Weir, 3s. 6d.
Compulsory Marriage and its Consequences, a Novel, 12. 11s. 6d.
Comte's Philosophy of Mathematics, translated by Gillespie, 8vo. 3s. cl.
Dante's Divine Comedy, Vision of Hell, translated by C. E. Cayley, 6s.
De Castro's History of Jews in Spain, trans. by Kirwan, 6s. cl.
Elliott's (Rev. E. B.) Home Apocalypses, 4th edition, 4 vols 2l. 14s.
Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Vol. XV., "Pocock and Co.'s Early History of Greece," post 8vo. 9s. cl.
Fairbairn on Bolters, 8vo. 1s. swd.
Fate (The) a Tale of Stirring Times, by G. P. R. James, 31s. 6d.
First Cousins; or, My own Story, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Fox's Six Colonies of New Zealand, 8s. cl. or with Map, 4. 6d.
Gems from the Spirit Mine, 2nd edition, 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Genealogical Chart of Her Majesty's Descent from William the Conqueror and Robert Bruce, 4 sheets, 7s. 6d. or on roller, 10s. 6d.
Greek Ollendorff, being a Progressive Exhibition of the Greek Grammar, by A. C. Kenrick, 12mo. 6s. hf.-bd.
Gresley's (Rev. W.) The Ordinance of Confession, 18mo. 3s. cl.
Guide to Jewish History, by the Authoress of "The Child's Guide," 2s.
Hedley's (J.) Practical Treatise on Coal Mines, ry. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Home Truth for Home Peace, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Hughes's American Miller and Millwright's Assistant, 12mo. 6s.
Illustrated London News, Vol. XVIII., folio, 21s. cl.
James's (J. H.) Guide to Formation of Friendly Societies, 8vo. 8s.
Jeram's (Rev. J.) Trial of Faith, Memoir of Jane Smith, fc. 1s.
Knight's Cabinet Edition of Shakespeare, Vol. VII. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Landsborough's History of British Sea-weeds, 2nd edit. 10s. 6d.
Letters to my Children during a Voyage to the Cape in 1815, by the late Rev. C. J. Latrobe, fc. 2s. 6d. cl.
Lyon's (J.) The Art farther to Facilitate the Sale of Encumbered Estates in Ireland, 12mo. reduced to 2s. 6d. cl.
Marshall's Extracts from Religious Works of Fénelon, 112th edition, 5s.
Master's on the Production of Ice, &c. 8vo. 5s. cl.
McCulloch's Course of Reading, Key to, fc. 1s. 6d. bds. 1s. swd.
Melville's (Rev. H.) Sermons, Vol. II. 4th edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Mercantile Penman (The), new edit. 4to. 4s. hf.-bd.
Milner's Design of God traced in the Great Exhibition, fc. 2s.
Milton's Bee-Keeper, fc. 2s. swd.
Morris's (T.) Recollections of Military Service, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Moschisler's (F. A.) Guide to German Language, 12mo. 7s. cl.
Murray's Handbook of Modern London, 16mo. 5s. cl.
My First Grief; or, Recollections of a Beloved Sister, by a Provincial Surgeon, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Neale's Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Obstinate Jack, by Uncle George, 32mo. 8d. swd. 1s. cl.
Oxford Pocket Classics, "Juvenal," 1s. 6d.; "Homer's Odyssey," 3s.; "Lucretius," 3s. cl.
Phoenix Library, "Adventures of Signor Gaudenzio di Lucca," 2s. 6d.
Picturesque Guide to Lakes of Killarney, with Views, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Prinsep's (H. T.) Tibet, Tartary, and Mongolia, post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Raikes's Popular Sketch of the Origin and Development of the English Constitution, Vol. I. 8vo. 8s. cl.
Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton, 10s. 6d.
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